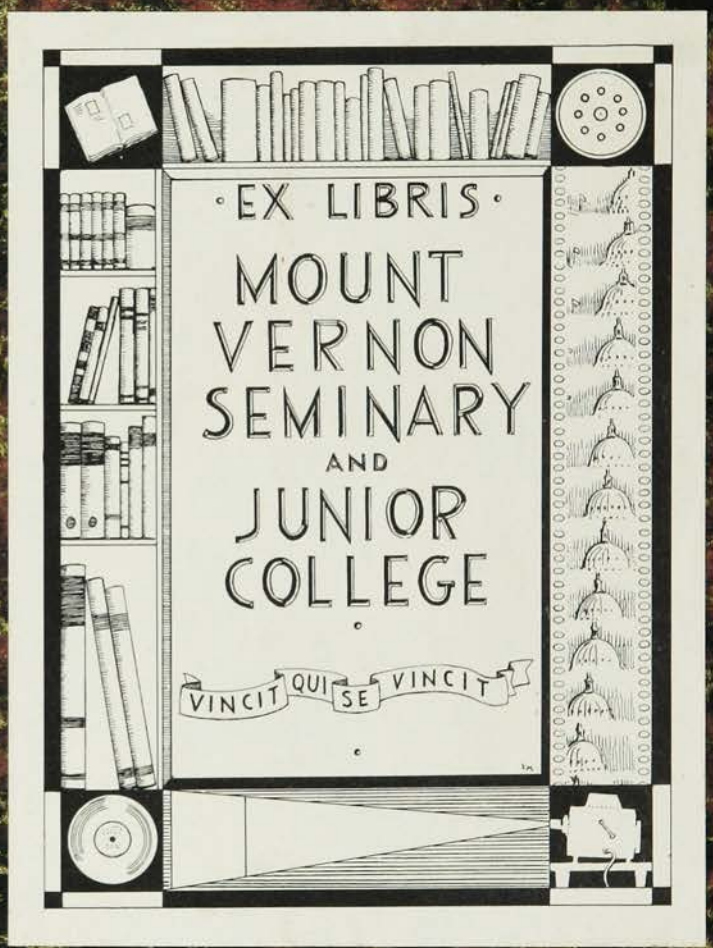
THE CUPOLA


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THE CUPOLA

VOLUME IX



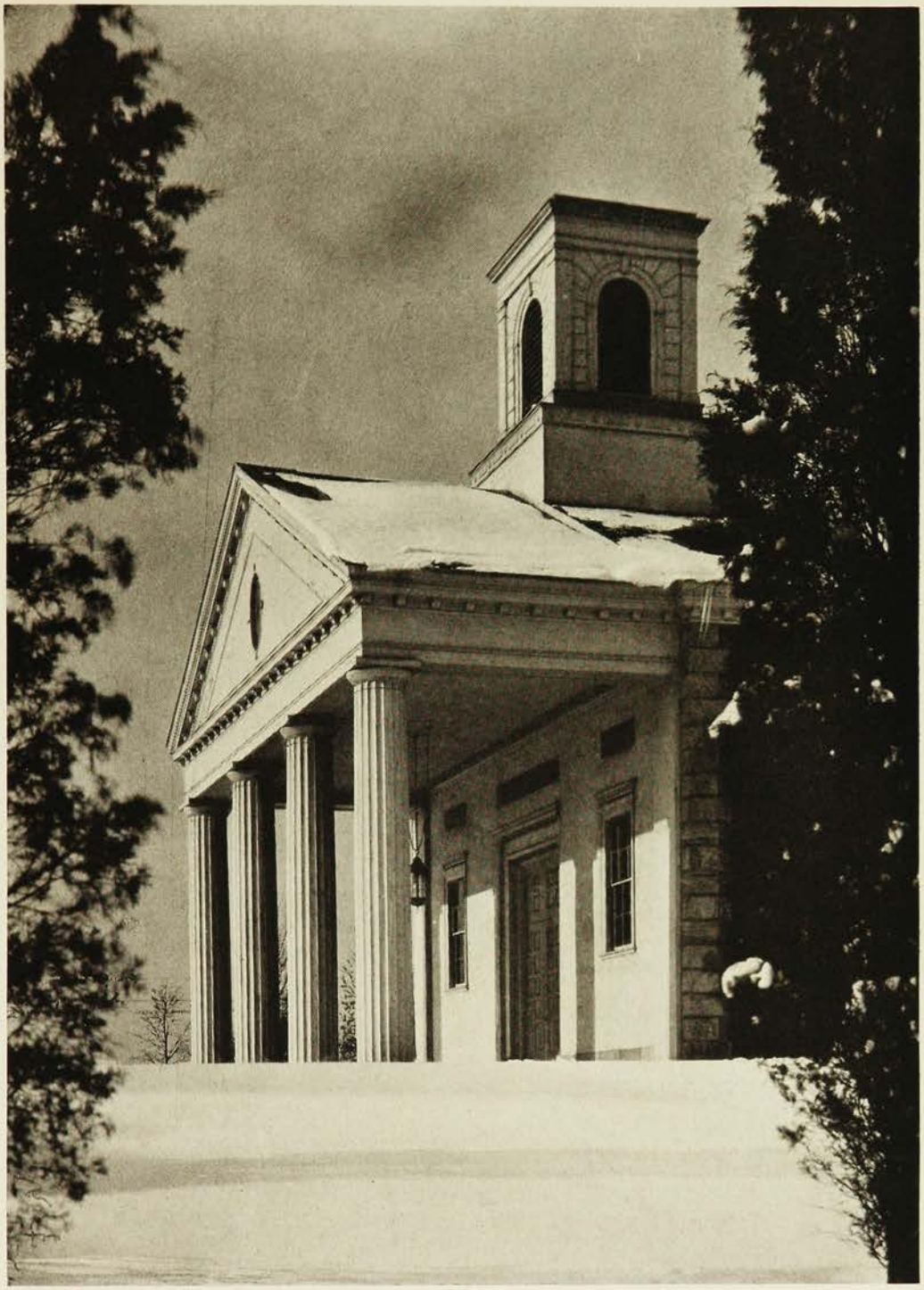
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MISS COLE



ELIZABETH SOMERS MEMORIAL CHAPEL



MISS BARBER

DEDICATION

WE, the Senior Class of 1931, lovingly and gratefully dedicate this edition of THE CUPOLA *to* MISS BARBER, *who, though unable to give us her guidance in person these last months, has, nevertheless, been steadily real to us. In the years to come, her personality will be remembered and her spirit will remain a vivid example of immortality.*

FOREWORD

WE, the Class of 1931, have memories both gay and sad to carry away with us and treasure in future years. We hold these the more dear because of their association with M. V. S. and friends we have made here.

As Crusaders we have embarked on a sacred mission, not only to obtain knowledge, but to realize a spirit of comradeship and loyalty. Always we have kept a goal of truth before us—a goal set by the words and example of those about us. Though we leave the school with our ambitions still unrealized, some day we hope to return, bringing with us proudly the proof that we have not forgotten the ideals instilled in us here.





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CUPOLA STAFF



CUPOLA STAFF

Isabel Gordon *Editor-in-Chief*

Jane Niggeman *Assistant Editor*

Martha Davenport *Literary Editor*

Winifred Duncan *Assistant Literary Editor*

Ilma Jane Theurer *Business Manager*

Helen Napier *Assistant Business Manager*

Virginia McFie *Advertising Manager*

Emily Hawley *Assistant Advertising Manager*

Diantha Brown *Photographic Editor*

Margaret Thompson *Humor Section Editor*

Louise Raynor *Art Editor*

Marguerite Tod *Snapshot Editor*

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Studied at Columbia University

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Graduate work at Bryn Mawr College

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Steubenville Seminary

MARGARET G. BARBER *Financial Secretary*
A.B., Vassar College

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A.M., University of Chicago

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Mount Vernon Seminary
Smith College

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A.B., A.M., University of Michigan

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Pupil of Charles Lasar, Paris, and Charles W. Hawthorne, Provincetown

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S.B., Simmons College

REBEKAH ELTING *Science*
A.B., Vassar College
Wood's Hole Biological Laboratory
Graduate work at Columbia University

CLARA W. FORMAN *Hostess and House Mother and Permissions Teacher*

J. LORNA GUARD *Librarian and Supervisor of Sightseeing*
Mount Vernon Seminary

MILDRED HANNA *Latin*
A.B. and A.M., Stanford University
Studied at Wellesley College, American Academy at Rome, and
University of Foreigners at Perugia, Italy

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A.B., Radcliffe College
S.B., Simmons College

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Woman's Art School, Cooper Union, New York City
Diploma, Fine Arts, Columbia University

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S.B., Drexel Institute
A.M., Columbia University

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CORINNE LEINO *English*
A.B., Carleton College
A.M., Columbia University

GEORGE LLOYD *Survey of Civilization*
A.M., Clark University



OLWEN LLOYD *Mathematics*
A.M., Cambridge, England (Maths Tripos)

CHARLOTTE GUARD MCALLISTER *Hostess and House Mother*

LOUISA J. MARTIN *Resident Nurse*
R.N., Hahneman Hospital, Philadelphia

JEANNE MOULÉ DE LA RAITRIE *French*
Brevet d'Institutrice (Académie de Besançon)

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HELEN KINGSBURY MYERS *Secretary*
Mount Vernon Seminary
Washington College of Law
Temple School of Shorthand and Typewriting

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Ph.B., University of Chicago
A.M., University of Wisconsin

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Pupil of Frank King Clarke, Paris

JEANNETTE PEARSON *Assistant, Department of Physical Education*
Graduate, Boston School of Physical Education

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Couvent du Sacré-Coeur, Paris
Officier d'Académie

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ELSA LOUISE RANER *Violin*
Pupil of Leopold Auer

JANE PLUMMER RICE *Department of Expression*
Graduate, Curry School of Expression

ROBERT H. RICE *Business Manager*
A.B., Lafayette College

ALYS M. RICKETT *Piano*
Pupil of Viggo Kihl, of Leipsic, London and Toronto Conservatories of Music,
and Clarence Adler, of New York
Pupil of Healey Willan, F.R.C.O., London, Theory and Harmony

KATHERINE RIGGS *Harpist*
Pupil of Dorothy Johnston-Baseler, Philadelphia, and of Marie Korchinska, London

MARGARET JORDAN SEMMES *Department of Expression*
Pupil of Louis Calvert; Pupil of Frederick G. Lewis School of Dramatic Art, Schuster-Martin

MIRIAM L. SPAULDING *Director of Physical Education*
A.B., Boston University
Graduate, Boston School of Physical Education
Graduate work at Boston University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology

ADOLF TOROVSKY, JR. *Organist and Choir Master*
Graduate of Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore
Associate American Guild of Organists

JOSEPHINE M. TREMAIN *English and Mathematics*
A.B., Swarthmore College

ALICE M. TRIPPETT *Director of Field House Activities*
University of Vermont
Teachers' College, Columbia University

HARRIET BELLE WALKER *History, Psychology and Bible*
Mount Vernon Seminary
Studied at Harvard, Johns Hopkins and Columbia Universities

ELIZABETH WINSTON *Piano*
Pupil of Harold Bauer, Paris; Ernest Hutcheson, Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore;
and Leopold Godowsky, New York
Pupil of O. B. Boise, Berlin, Theory and Harmony

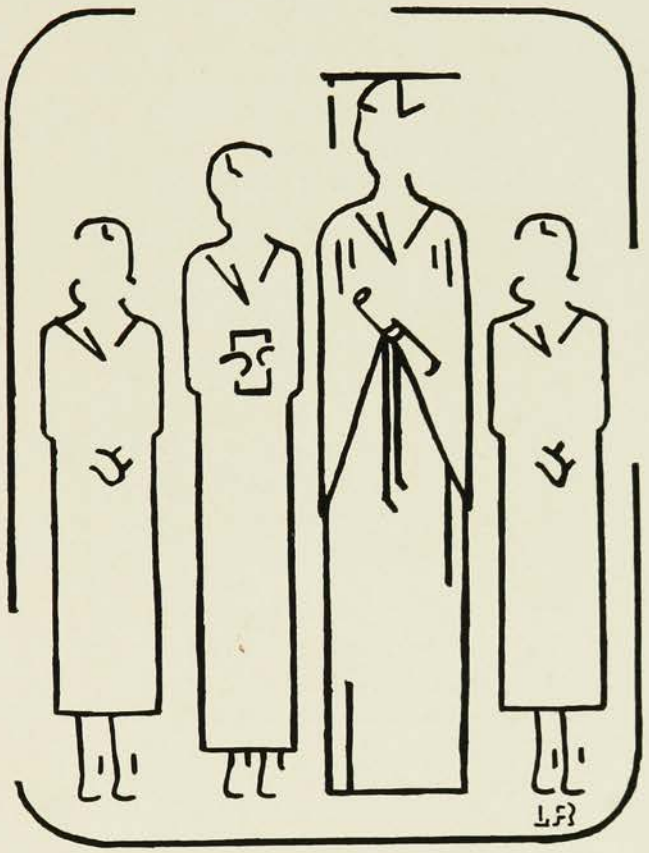
ALMA MATER

Our Alma Mater glorious,
With loving hearts and proud,
We crown thee all victorious
And sing thy praise aloud.
In loyalty we serve thee,
And strive to heed thy call,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Through self to conquer all.

You give unfailing kindness
If trouble meets us here;
You foster all our pleasures
And make them seem more dear.
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow
Can these fair days erase,
But they with each tomorrow,
Help us new tasks to face.

Like breath of spring's fresh morning
That lifts the heart to song,
When courage droops and wavers
And paths seem gray and long,
Will come thy dauntless spirit
To help us on our way.
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Hold fast thy tender sway.

The changing years may bring us
Some longed-for dream of bliss,
Yet memory will cherish
A sympathy we miss.
In hours of joy and sadness,
What'er our need may be,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Thy children turn to thee.



CLASSES



Miss Margaret G. Barber, *Senior Class Advisor*

SENIOR CLASS SONG—1931

Words by Martha Ann Davenport

As the crusaders searched for the Holy Grail
Led by its light through ways that were dark,
So, in oncoming days when we almost fail,
Thy spirit will hold us to resolute mark.

To the yellow and white our loyalty,
To the garnet and gold our fidelity,
Our aims must inspire throughout the world,
Conquer we must with banners unfurled,
As we can, our pledge of a strength to be,
Our faith in its meaning our mastery.

When the crusaders returned from foreign lands,
They brought with them gifts from distant marts.
They offered their tributes with outstretched hands;
The king honored again the love in their hearts.

So when we return from our search for the true,
We'll bring to you deeds we are planning to do;
With faiths you have taught us, we'll bring back the new;
Thy spirit saluting—our praises to you!



SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

AINSLEE PUHL *President*
SHIRLEY ROSS *Vice-President*
ROSANA KILPATRICK *Secretary*
HELEN WILLIAMSON *Treasurer*

BARBARA ALLEN
FRANCES BRINKMAN
DIANTHA BROWN
MARTHA DAVENPORT
KITTY FOYE
ISABEL GORDON
MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER
FLORA KAISER
ELIZABETH KENNEDY
ROSANA KILPATRICK
VIRGINIA MARKS
MARGARET MCBRIDE
VIRGINIA MCFIE
CAROL PARKER
AINSLEE PUHL
ELEANOR REED
SHIRLEY ROSS
SHIRLEY STEVENS
ILMA JANE THEURER
MARY ELIZABETH WALLACE
HELEN WILLIAMSON



BARBARA ALLEN
"Barb"
Peoria, Illinois
TWO YEARS

Student Council '31
Optima '31
President Optima '31
Broadside Board '30
Dress Committee '31
Commencement Play '30
Leadership Seminar '31

LONG flowing dresses and daintiness typify this most lovable girl, and it's with sincere feeling that everyone can say they'll miss her. Her sweetness is unchanging, a quality that is indeed rare.



FRANCES MARION BRINKMAN

"Brinkie"

Hinsdale, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Choir '30, '31

Treble Clef '30

Dramatic Workshop '30, '31

Junior Play '30

Senior Play '31

Lend-a-Hand Committee '31

ONE finds Brinkie most amiable at all times, and when an opportunity arises for a good accompanist Brinkie will not only give you a ready response, but she'll add to that a very good result. She is a dear, and those who are "in the know" envy that disposition.



MARY DIANTHA BROWN
"Di"
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
FOUR YEARS

Photographic Editor Cupola '31
Secretary Dramatic Workshop '31
Proctor '31
Treble Clef '30, '31
Choir '31
Dramatic Workshop '30, '31
Yellow-White Play '29
Commencement Play '30
Senior Play '31
Christmas Play '29, '30
White Class Swimming Team '28
Class Baseball '29, '30

DI'S "'Ello" is an example of the words which she circulates and that later become the personal property of the school at large. With that ability she couples her very happy faculty for dramatics, and there you have her—a combination of fun and seriousness.



MARTHA ANN DAVENPORT
Miami, Florida
TWO YEARS

Literary Editor of Cupola '31
Commencement Play '30
Senior Play '31
Dramatic Workshop '30
Publications Workshop '31
Optima '30, '31
Secretary of Optima '31
Class Song '30

ALTHOUGH Martha is a girl who can compete brilliantly in almost every field, she is especially gifted in dramatics and the writing of poetry. With such assets as intelligence plus Southern charm and personality, anyone would be irresistible; apparently all the fairies came on time to her christening!



KATHERINE MARY FOYE
"Kit"
Omaha, Nebraska
TWO YEARS

Athletic Association Board '31
Tea House Board '30, '31
Treasurer Tea House '31
Tennis Singles '30
Tennis Doubles '30
Varsity Tennis '31
Varsity Baseball '30
Manager Tennis '31
Varsity Volley Ball '31
Senior Play '31
Commencement Play '30
Cheer Leader '31
Dress Committee '31
Proctor '31

KIT possesses vivacity to a high degree, and a sombre quality is entirely omitted from her make-up. She has beautiful tennis form, and we certainly like the way she "clogs." You couldn't find one sweeter than Kit.



ISABEL MARIE GORDON
"Issie"
Chicago, Illinois
TWO YEARS

Editor-in-Chief of Cupola '31
Athletic Association Board '31
Manager Volley Ball '31
Varsity Volley Ball '31
Class Hockey Team '30
Class Basket-Ball '30, '31
Commencement Play '30
Senior Class Play '31
Dramatic Workshop '30
Proctor '31
Cheer Leader '30
Glee Club '31

ISSIE is clever and talented, and has a great deal of personality. She played a big part in class activities, helping us through ingenuity contests and class plays. We feel she must have credit, too, for the many occasional songs she has written, and for this year book, also.



MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER
"Malou"
San Antonio, Texas
TWO YEARS

Secretary Student Council '30
Dramatic Workshop '30, '31
Commencement Play '30
Senior Play Committee '31
Wardrobe Mistress Workshop '31

MALOU'S artistic creations awaken distinct longings in our less-gifted souls. Here is Texan laughter, and just as much Texan laziness and much more absent-mindedness than any girl should have. Her tales of Mexico are quite as good as any fairy story! We truly have a decided liking for Malou.



FLORA LOUISE KAISER

"Dutch"

New Rochelle, New York

TWO YEARS

President Athletic Association '31
Scholarship Cup '30
Honor Chevron '30
Class Treasurer '30
Treble Clef '30, '31
Choir Mistress '31
Choir '30, '31
President French Club '31
French Club, '30, '31
Optima '30, '31
Varsity Hockey '30, '31
Collegiate Hockey '30, '31
Varsity Basket-Ball '30
Class Basket-Ball '30
Track Manager '30
Student Council '31
Business Manager Broadside '30
Varsity Baseball '30
Class Plays '30, '31

LINES on Dutch will more likely turn into a eulogy, but never have we seen a girl so splendidly representative, and with so charming a personality in combination with this quality. Brains and ability just naturally go together here. Need we say that she will be unforgetable?



ELIZABETH EMERY KENNEDY
Bradford, Pennsylvania
FIVE YEARS

President Junior Class '30
Lend-a-Hand President '31
Treasurer Yellow Class '29
Glee Club '31
Choir '31
Proctor '31
Yellow Class

"Bethie has beauty, Bethie has charm,
But if she takes up nursing, there's cause for alarm."

REALLY, it would be alarming to the inmates if the lovely Beth were to pace the long, gray corridors of a hospital. However, if she possesses another interest, such as we strongly suspect, she will always be properly watched over, and we can take comfort from that.



ROSANA SHERWOOD KILPATRICK

"Rosie"

Beatrice, Nebraska

TWO YEARS

Optima '30, '31

Treasurer, Optima '31

Secretary Senior Class '31

Treble Clef '30, '31

Music Seminar '30, '31

Choir '30, '31

Proctor '30, '31

Commencement Play '30

Senior Class Play Committee '31

Class Archery Team '30, '31

IF Rosana carols sweetly and dresses beautifully, it's because she has an innate flair for doing the right thing. If she laughs boisterously sometimes, it's because she has probably had a bad influence exerted over her. But if she is sweet, it's because she was naturally blessed by her Maker.



VIRGINIA MARKS
"Ginnie"
Detroit, Michigan
TWO YEARS

Choir '30, '31

Treble Clef '30, '31

Music Seminar '30, '31

Proctor '30

Class Basket-Ball '30

Wednesday Evening Chapel Committee '31

GINNIE serves as a wonderful source of current literature to her classmates. Personally, we think it's a habit, but don't let that craze for buying magazines get too great a hold on you!



MARGARET LAMBERTON McBRIDE

"Peggie"

Franklin, Pennsylvania

TWO YEARS

President Student Council '31
Honor Chevron '30
Optima '30, '31
Athletic Association Board '30
Varsity Hockey '30
Varsity Basket-Ball '30
Manager of Basket-Ball '30
Dramatic Workshop '30
Group Leadership Seminar '31
Collegiate Hockey Team '30
Class Basket-Ball '30
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '30
Proctor '30
Class Track Team '30
Collegiate Tennis Team '30

THE very fact of her eminence speaks for itself, but we must add that here is a girl who is loyal and willing to help us at all times. There is a firmness about her that is most comforting, and her sincerity will go unquestioned. Truly Peg possesses almost every admirable quality.



VIRGINIA ELIZABETH McFIE
"Gin"
Los Angeles, California
TWO YEARS

Advertising Manager Cupola '31
Secretary M.V.S. Society '30
Treble Clef Club '30, '31
Dramatic Workshop '30, '31
Commencement Play '30
Senior Play '31
Assistant Advertising Manager Cupola '30
Athletic Association Board '30, '31
Tennis Doubles '30
Varsity Tennis Team '31
Varsity Basket-Ball '30
Class Basket-Ball '30
Collegiate Hockey Team '30, '31
Captain Collegiate Hockey '31
Captain Baseball '30
Track Meet '30

THOSE California girls usually know how to hit tennis balls with the proper degree of power, and Gin is no exception. Nor does she lack a talent for playing the stalwart hero in dramatics. There she quite excels, but Ginny *would* do that!



CAROLINE HUTCHINSON PARKER

"Carol"

Belleville, Ontario, Canada

FOUR YEARS

White Class '28, '29, '30, '31

Choir '28, '29, '30, '31

French Club '31

Walking Club '28, '29, '30

Music Seminar '30, '31

Library Committee '31

Proctor '30

Commencement Play '30

CAROL'S bent head is often seen in study-hall, and many's the time she is noticed in the Choir line as it makes its dignified way up and down the Chapel aisle. We have always been among her admirers since the day we learned that she'd like to read *Don Quixote* in the original Spanish.



AINSLEE ROGERS PUHL

"Ains"

La Grange, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Student Council '31

President Senior Class '31

Commencement Play '30

Senior Play '31

Dramatic Workshop '30

Marking Committee '31

Secretary-Treasurer Treble Clef '30

Proctor '30

Choir '30, '31

Group Leadership Seminar '31

Collegiate Hockey '30

Class Basket-Ball '30

AINSLEE'S talent in dramatics has us all astounded. As "Juliet" and "Amy," she showed us characters truly feminine, investing them with the same qualities we love in her. And she is, withal, our Senior President!



ELEANOR JEANNETTE REED
"Ellie"
Rochester, New York
TWO YEARS

Optima '31
Vice-President Treble Clef '31
Chairman of Proctors '31
Proctor '30, '31
Treble Clef '30, '31
Choir '30, '31
Music Seminar '30, '31
Christmas Play '30
Commencement Play '30
Varsity Deck Tennis '31

ELLIE'S sweet dependability makes her loved not only in the school, but also out in the wide, wide world, we hear. If someone must be so early lost to our unmarried state, we know of none better fitted for this departure than Ellie.



SHIRLEY ROSS
"Shirl"
Kenilworth, Illinois
TWO YEARS

Vice-President Senior Class '31

Proctor '31

Commencement Play '30

Class Basket-Ball '30, '31

Music Seminar '31

Field House Activity '30

SHIRLEY has a non-resistible smile, a certain thing called charm, musical ability — but anything else would be enumeration and a little repetitious, for you know Shirley and so do we; and if you know her, you love her—and so do we!



SHIRLEY MILLER STEVENS
Atlanta, Georgia
TWO YEARS

President Tea House Board of Directors '31

Tea House Board of Directors '30

Athletic Association Board '30, '31

Secretary Junior Class '30

Proctor '30, '31

Choir '30, '31

Walking Club '30

Commencement Play '30

Christmas Play '30

Manager of Golf '30

Manager of Archery '31

TEA HOUSE and Shirley are almost synonymous terms, for it is there that she makes her presence felt most particularly. If she does carry out her plans and run that tea room she dreams about, then we can't imagine a nicer place to go for that "gross necessity." *There* would be the proper place for exhibiting our desire for food!



ILMA JANE THEURER
"*Illy*"
Chicago, Illinois
TWO YEARS

Cupola Business Manager '31

Vice-President Lend-a-Hand '30

President Glee Club '31

Vice-President Glee Club '30

Assistant Literary Editor
Cupola '30

Captain Collegiate Hockey '30

Collegiate Hockey '31

Choir '30, '31

Proctor '31

Honor Chevron '30

ILLY'S attractiveness makes her well-liked wherever she goes. If we should find her in a nursery school, caring for the young, her aptitude for doing animals in pantomime (for instance, the Goat last year and Cinquo this winter) should stand her in good stead. And what child could resist that laugh? Or what grown-up, for that matter?



MARY ELIZABETH WALLACE
Springfield, Ohio
THREE YEARS

President Dramatic Workshop '31
Athletic Association Board '31
Manager Golf '31
Manager Riding '30
Commencement Play '30
Senior Class Play '30
Dramatic Workshop '30, '31
Varsity Golf Team '31
Proctor '30, '31
White Class '29

MARY has an excellent talent for those humorous parts so necessary in plays. Her "Peter" in the Commencement Play last year will not be forgotten. We sometimes wonder what the proximity of Georgetown has to do with Mary's Romeo nights!



HELEN JANE WILLIAMSON
Chico, California
TWO YEARS

Treasurer Senior Class '31

President Outing Club '31

Athletic Association Board '31

Walking Club '30

Commencement Play '30

Senior Play '31

Broadside Board '30

Book Editor Broadside '31

Publications Seminar '30, '31

Proctor '30

Junior-Senior Banquet Decoration Committee '30

Christmas Play '30

CHICO evidently has a charm which it exerted upon Helen in her youth. She has become permeated with California atmosphere which in this case has produced a girl with a marked individuality and a dignity which survived even the masculinity of Stephen Rollo.

SENIOR STATISTICS



FLORA KAISER
BEST ALL AROUND
MOST POPULAR



ELIZABETH KENNEDY
BEST
LOOKING



SHIRLEY ROSS
MOST
ATTRACTIVE



MARTHA DAVENPORT
MOST
VERSATILE



Miss Agnes Delano, *Junior Class Advisor*

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

Music by Mary Adair Howell *Words by* Cornelia Lewthwaite

Through thy teaching and care, Mount Vernon,
We have come with smiles and tears.
You have pointed the paths of friendship,
That wind through the coming years.

Chorus

Mount Vernon, we bring to thee, our love, fidelity,
To thee uphold the Jade and Gold,
And pledge our loyalty.

The peace of your shaded cloisters
Brings haunting memories nigh,
The columns symbolizing
Our true ideals held high.

Chorus

When we look back on our school days,
Our thoughts ere turn to thee;
You have bound with threads of Jade and Gold
Our hearts in sincerity.

Chorus



JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

CLARA HAND *President*
JANE MACLEOD *Vice-President*
MARY ADAIR HOWELL *Secretary*
MARIE CAMPAU SMITH *Treasurer*

KATHERINE ALLING
DOROTHY BRINKER
KATHERINE CABLE
ALICE VIRGINIA CARTER
LUCILE DONALDSON
WINIFRED DUNCAN
DOROTHY FOX
SUSAN GILKESON
MARY MEADOR GOLDSMITH
CLARA HAND
EMILY HAWLEY
MARY ADAIR HOWELL
CORNELIA LEWTHWAITE
JANE MACLEOD
MARGARET MCCALL
KATHERINE MEYER
ANN QUEENAN MILLER
HELEN NAPIER
JANE NIGGEMAN
KATE ROSS PATTON
LOUISE RAYNOR
CLARA SHERWOOD
MARIE SMITH
HELEN THOMPSON
ELIZABETH UHL
HARRIET WIGHTMAN
JEAN WILLIAMS



Miss Rebekah Elting
White Class Advisor

WHITE CLASS SONG

Words by Lettie McConnell *and* Gladys Vilsack
Music by Gladys Vilsack

White Class, we'll sing to you
With voices proud and true,
Loyalty firm as the skies,
M. V. S.
The White Class.
When the days have passed
And we are no longer with you,
It's then we must prove
That we are true,
Dear Class, just to you.
Would that we could sing,
And also tell thee in each line,
How out of joy and grief and hate
We gave our love for thine.
Life will hold many memories,
Days spent at M. V. S.
Dearest of them all,
Olden times recall.
M. V. S.,
The White Class,
We'll always be true,
To our emblem purity,
And always, yes, always
To thee.

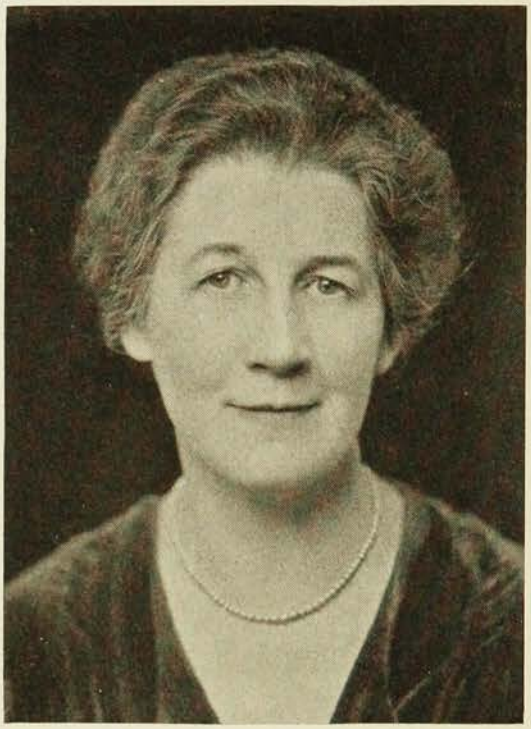


WHITE CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

MILDRED MORRIS *President*
ELSIE WILSON *Vice-President*
PAULINE SEIPP *Secretary*
BARBARA ANN SARGENT *Treasurer*

MARJORIE BARBOUR
NANCY BELLE BAYLY
MARIAM CANNON
VIRGINIA DANGLER
ADELE EMERSON
BETTY FIELD
SALLY GARDEN
MILDRED GARNETT
DRESDEN GRIER
JEAN HARRIS
MARY HASKELL
MARGARET HILDRETH
MARY LU KISSELL
MARGUERITE KOPMEIER
HARRIET LEWTHWAITE
ANN MAITLAND
NEDINE MARBLE
JULIA MATHESON
MARGARET MEANOR
HARRIET MINTY
FANNIE MORRIS
MILDRED MORRIS
GRETCHEN ONDERDONK
KATHLEEN RICE
JULIET RICHARDSON
BARBARA ANN SARGENT
JOSEPHINE SCHLOTMAN
SUSAN SCHRIBER
PAULINE SEIPP
MURIEL STOKES
JULIA STRAUSS
MARJORIE STREET
KATE THOMPSON
CLARA VAN SCHAACK
CYNTHIA WALDRON
EDITH WARNER
ANNA WEHR
JANE WHITING
ELSIE WILSON
MARGARET YATES



Miss Mary Pitman Brown, *Yellow Class Advisor*
Miss Harriet Belle Walker, *Honorary Member*

YELLOW CLASS SONG

Words, traditional. *Music*, "At Dawning"

Lifting better up to best—
Our desire;
To be worthy of thy name,
Learn our lessons, ne'er complain,
Just to conquer self our aim—
Yellow Class, Yellow Class.

In thy sunshine, color, joy—
Yellow Class.
In thy gold be no alloy—
Yellow Class.
Our dear school with songs we greet;
Sing its praises ever sweet;
M. V. S., thy name repeat—
M. V. S., M. V. S.



YELLOW CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

Eloise Wilmsen *President*
Willie Clary *Vice-President*
Louisa Shivers *Secretary*
Barbara Sincerbeaux *Treasurer*

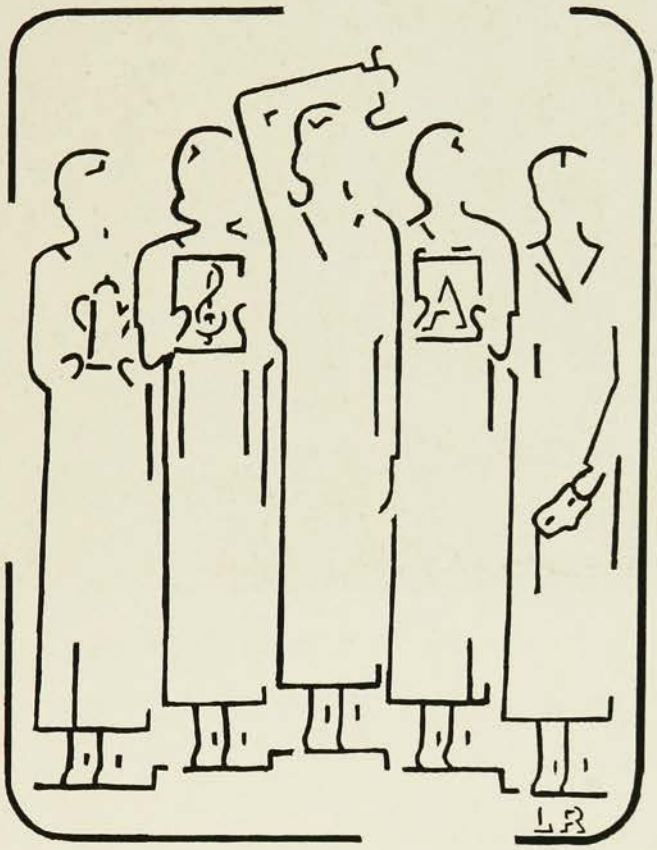
Katherine Armstrong '32
Adella Badgerow '32
Margaret Barber '32
Claire Bishop '32
Barbara Canfield
Helen Marie Castle '32
Polly Chisholm '32
Willie Clary
Mary Wilson Dickey '32
Bertha Dunbar
Marion Duval
Edith Ferguson '32
Caroline Fickinger '32
Grace Gow
Margaret Huxley '32
Mary Isom '32
Elizabeth Koehn '32
Mary Lauer
Jane Lupher
Catherine McKane '32
Elinor McNeir '32
Jean Marr '32
Elisabeth Mitchell
Katherine Morse
Jean Owsley '32
Helen Ray Potter '32
Mary Reynolds '32
Mary Richards
Dorothy Rogers
Louisa Shivers
Barbara Sincerbeaux '32
Barbara Stewart '32
Inez Syminton
Virginia Thatcher '32
Margaret Thompson '32
Marguerite Tod
Sallie Tod
Eloise Wilmsen '32
Frances Witte '32
Laura Butler '32



STUDENT CO-OPERATIVE GOVERNMENT COUNCIL

Miss Cole *Faculty Advisor*
Miss Ballou *Faculty Advisor*
Miss Hastings *Faculty Advisor*
Miss Brown *Faculty Advisor*
Margaret McBride *President*
Harriet Wightman *Secretary*
Barbara Allen *President Optima*
Ainslee Puhl *President Senior Class*
Clara Hand *President Junior Class*
Mildred Morris *President White Class*
Eloise Wilmsen *President Yellow Class*
Flora Kaiser *President Athletic Association*

This Council with its most awe-inspiring and lengthy title meets weekly and discusses all those secret subjects about school. Sometimes we ask what they do, and the reply is, "Oh, everything." At any rate, Peggy presides, and the Council attempts to make the students happy while doing all in its power to safeguard the ideals of the school.



ACTIVITIES



GROUP LEADERSHIP SEMINAR

Miss Ballou, *Faculty Advisor*

Barbara Allen
Clara Hand
Flora Kaiser
Elizabeth Kennedy
Margaret McBride
Ainslee Puhl
Helen Thompson
Harriet Wightman

The members of this seminar find they are obtaining a great deal of interesting and worth-while knowledge under the guidance of Miss Ballou. The title "Leadership" covers a variety of subjects and is applied to our own school government as well as to larger ones. For this reason the Presidents of the Student Council, Optima, The Athletic Association, the classes, and the Lend-a-Hand Society are all present in this group.



PUBLICATIONS WORKSHOP

THIS year the Creative Writing Seminar is an obsolete term and if you're up on the school lingo it's the Publications Workshop. Creative Writing is taken care of at an entirely different time with Miss Delano.

Members of the Workshop are mostly interested in the mechanics of editing and publishing school magazines. I think few outsiders realize quite all of the technique it requires.

The seminar is now divided into two groups, one of which publishes *Broadsides*. There have been five editions this year and in the middle of February the leopard changed its spots to appear in red; we're still recovering from the shock. There was also a special number for the M. V. S. Council in April containing news of the school and write-ups on its activities.

The product of the second group you have before you now in your hands, and we shall be only too glad if it serves as a pleasant reminder of this year and its memories.



MUSIC SEMINAR

Mrs. Payne and Miss Winston *Faculty Advisors*

Katherine Alling
Alice Virginia Carter
Mary Adair Howell
Margaret McCall
Rosana Kilpatrick
Carol Parker
Virginia Marks
Shirley Ross

Eleanor Reed

The Music Seminar has enjoyed a very profitable year under the patient guidance of Mrs. Payne and Miss Winston. The orchestra has been the center of study, and discussing its many phases from the very beginning has made a very pleasant Tuesday afternoon for all members.



DRAMATIC WORKSHOP

Miss Semmes *Faculty Advisor*
Mary Wallace *President*
Emily Hawley *Treasurer*
Diantha Brown *Secretary*
Louise Raynor *Stage Manager*
Marie L. Guenther . . *Wardrobe Mistress*

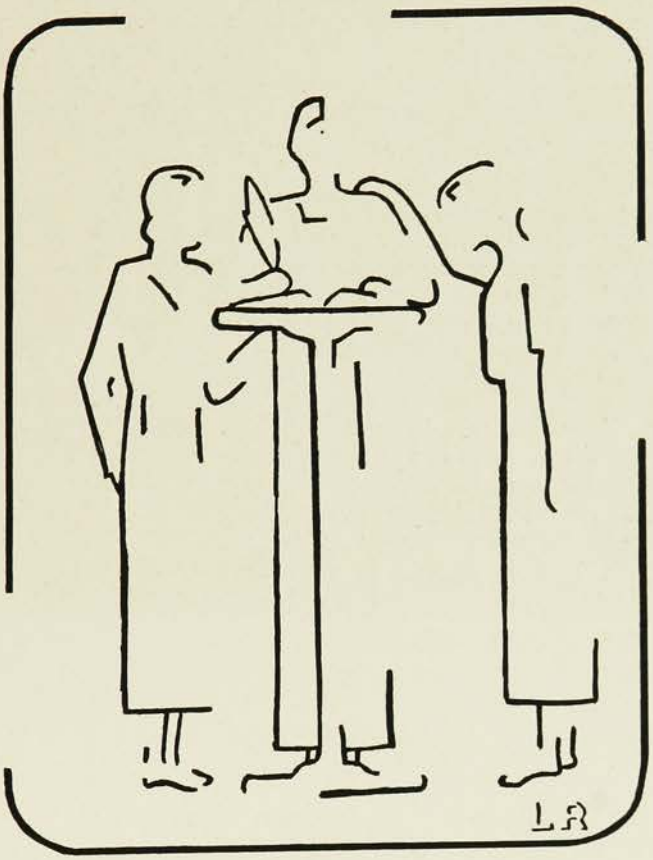
Dorothy Brinker
Frances Brinkman
Diantha Brown
Susan Gilkeson
Marie Louise Guenther
Emily Hawley
Cornelia Lewthwaite
Virginia McFie
Jane Niggeman
Kate Patton
Louise Raynor
Clara Sherwood
Marie Smith
Mary Wallace

In the dim attic recesses as a group of budding stars, we meet every Monday afternoon to discuss the problems which arise in our chosen field. Under the leadership of Miss Semmes we find ourselves growing more and more capable of dealing with the various phases on back- and front-stage life. We have mastered quite successfully the art of direction, costuming, designing sets, make-up and writing plays as well as acting, quite convincingly, all sorts of roles, from the most heart-rending of tragedies to the best of side-splitting comedies. We have this year allied ourselves with the Theatre Workshop Association and have thereby gained the advice of professionals in any difficulty.



TEA HOUSE

TEA HOUSE is popular at all times, but particularly on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The one important aim in one's life seems to be to obtain immediate possession of the chocolate cakes, sundaes, ginger ale and candy displayed in such profusion. The shop is well supplied by Miss Trippett, who keeps a stock of dainty gifts as well as practical and useful articles. The girls keep the accounts, run the bank, and wait on table, obtaining much invaluable knowledge in the process. We cannot imagine school without the large, roomy Field House, where we have enjoyed so many good times!



LITERATURE

MOUNTAIN REASON

An old man of the mountains
Is working outside the door,
His mouth moving in rhythm with his hands.
There is little for him to think of but the past,
And calmly his mind begins to turn.

He thinks of his daughter
And of the fifth grandchild
Dead at birth this past week.
He remembers her face as she said,
"Don't let the others come—he was too small
'N wouldn't have liked many people around.
Just make a box, pa, of green smelling pine.
We'll bury him when night begins to fall."

"Well," he thought, "life is like that.
Somethin' is always comin' and goin'.
I told her it was all for the best
But I dunno . . . I dunno . . .
You can't see reason in a thing like that."
"Maybe," he thought, "we warn't meant to see reason."

He thought of his wife, as he worked—
Of her blond prettiness, which was now
No more than a wan grayness.
"Yes, Annie's aged along with me.
Neither of us has got much now 'cept each other.
Prob'ly it was meant that way,
Though not by me.
I always intended to get along
Better'n the rest. . .
Get enough to make Annie satisfied in her mind
When I died.
Now it ain't that way. Somethin' went wrong.
Guess when I go Annie'll want to come along with me.
She smiled the other day, and said,
'Well, Tom, reckon we'll sort o' keep 'long side each other.
Ain't no reason why we ever should separate.' "

"No," I told her slowly,
"No, guess you're right—
Shouldn't be no crossroads for us, Annie."

MARTHA DAVENPORT

LOS PASTORES

Most of the settlements in the Mexican territory, and that adjacent to it, awoke to assume the brisk bustling air of "Los Americanos" as colonization advanced. Amazing strides were made by these, but along the borderland of this interesting country, the initiated find territory yet asleep "in the laps of legends old." They have not let themselves be stirred by the rush of the century and are content and happy to get along with as little as possible of the hurly-burly of the new civilization.

Although the Padres took up their work among the Indians of Texas forty years before the first mission was established on the Californian coast, the romance of Texas remains secluded even more than that of California. The order of the Franciscan fathers brought the country to its height by sacrifices untold and with undying patience.

But times became turbulent. Mexico fought a great war for independence from Spain, and finally won her freedom. Mexican politicians looked with greedy eyes on the prosperity of the missions. In time they passed a law that all church property must revert to the state and many monasteries were despoiled, while the Indians were persecuted and scattered. A great number of the people still cherish the religion plucked from the heart of Catholic Spain and grafted in Cortez's time upon the ancient Aztec branch.

The struggle and strife so characteristic of this period is reflected, together with the burning passions and patience of these temperamental people, on a screen we can view today in the form of "Los Pastores," the ceremonial Passion Play. You will understand, or not understand, according to your insight or sympathy, and whether it is within you to make yourself sensitive to the burning faith of the meek and lowly. You must travel backward to the barbaric, primitive childhood of the race, and stand aside from modern civilization, if you would understand the charm and enchantment, the psychological, sociological, and religious study within this simple, sacramental drama.

In the Southwest, the story lives in its original simplicity, fervor and zeal, in the hearts of pious peasants. It is bequeathed from sire to son. The lines are rehearsed, five thousand or more of them, rhymed and unrhymed, with numerous songs to harmonize with minor chords. The pious players consecrate their lives to the work, enacting each lowly part in deepest love and reverence; giving without stint, without praise, without price. Customs, costumes, and words echoing from the heart of centuries need atmosphere of contrast, the striking harmonies of simplicity, the pomp and luxury of outdoor space and color.

You will find "Los Pastores" in some chapel or jacalito, rich in piety and hospitality, as the players are under a moral obligation to go wherever an altar is built to the Christ Child. So the ceremony is seldom repeated in the same locality during the time allotted for its presentation—from Christmas Eve to January twelfth.

When held within a jacalito, refreshments are always served to the players and invited guests. Pungent odors of black coffee, chili, tamales, and many spices make the mind wander to the old woman who scrapes the ashes upon the hearth. You

have but to stretch your arms to touch walls decorated with advertisements of reckless import, but the altar in the corner runs riot with color and the play of flickering home-made candles on the simple tokens of faith and undying hope. Paper flowers, pictures of saints in holiday finery, the carved wooden crucifix, the waxen Virgin, the quaint players, the household machinery moving on, the interested crowd of listeners, grave senors and bright senoritas, the queer old pelon dogs looking for their masters, the fumes of cigarettes wafted from the crowd of onlookers at the door and window—all these compose a wonderful picture, or would, if one could but paint sounds and movements with lights and shadows.

On Christmas Eve, follow any line of lanterns in little Mexico and you will come to a most unexpected scene. These lights project from high beams or poles in token of the star seen in the East, or in token of the nativity. In olden times, the priests of San Fernando blessed these lamps, and many an heirloom, costly and ornate, still bespeaks the Advent season. They lead to the little "Chapel of Miracles." If you come at nine o'clock or at midnight, there will be a crowd moving back and forth, but an innate courtesy makes room for "Los Americanos" if they show a disposition to behave quietly and decorously. Follow the audience to the altar, where the Christ Child's prophecy is fulfilled.

"The dear one, El Probrecito," the devout murmur, as they kiss the waxen figure, then gaze adoringly at the manger and at the blue canopy glistening with silver stars.

The venerable hermit looks the part with wrinkled mask and long white beard. He wears a loose gray robe, patterned after a priest's surplice; he thus stands symbolic of church and priesthood.

The devils are grim enough for models in Dante's "Inferno." Their forms are covered with long black cloaks, decorated in gold and silver designs that remind one of the Indian hieroglyphics upon the outside of the old mission itself.

The hermit enters and sings of the glory of the Church, and each shepherd tells what he would like to give the priest—bells of gold, a belfry tower of silver, candelabra like the sun, and wealth untold.

Gila calls:

"Strap up all, march along,
Cheering our hearts with hopeful song."

The players enter the chapel and arrange themselves beside the altar. During a pause the hermit soliloquizes about the prophecy; the shepherds dance and sing, and finally discuss the coming of the Prince of Peace. Suddenly a voice from the sky chants:

"Shepherds of earth, be not afraid,
For God alone has sent me here,
To tell you of the Saviour's birth."

The songs have been slow and sad, but the shepherds' faces now shine with a glorification not of earth, and their souls echo the glad refrain:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

On a rocky mountain side of papier-mache grows a tinseled Christmas tree, bright with many candles. To the left a rich poinsettia blooms, and down the precipitous mountain scramble the traditional animals of the ark, joined as fancy dictates, not as God willed. The sheep, the cow and the burro kneel! 'Tis true! Your Mexican neighbor will tell you of the miracle, for it has been seen by him each Christmas Eve since he was a small child.

A large lantern hangs over the altar, shedding its luminous rays upon the Holy Mother, commemorating the star of the East. The excited players stand at the door awaiting their time to enter.

The plot of the Nativity seems about the same in all versions, but now and then several preliminary scenes are given, such as the Espousal, the Visitation, the Journey to Bethlehem of the Wise Men. Mary and Joseph, the Christ Child, shepherds twelve, three or seven devils, Gabriel and Michael, the Hermit, and Gila, the cook, make up the usual cast.

Gabriel and Michael are represented by a little brown boy and girl. Michael wears a white dress, white sagging stockings, and sandals carefully made of the correct leather and tied with ribbons. He is proud of a star on breast and brow.

Gabriel appears in white wings of gauze much decorated with tinsel and pictures of saints. She waves the "Sword of Peace."

Each of the shepherds carries a crook about five feet high, and covered with tinsel paper of every color. The two form into a crown, from which dangle bells and ribbons.

Parado, one of the shepherds, rushes forward and tells of the strange vision of an angel. The shepherds doubt; Michael declares it is no apparition, and warns them against Lucifer, who now appears as a friend in peasant garb. The indifference of the shepherds causes Lucifer to call several imps from hell (these represent the seven deadly sins), each of whom hurls fiery maledictions upon the trembling shepherds. The imps finally lure each shepherd aside by tempting him according to his weakness.

The old hermit now rushes forward with the message of good will, and tells how "Jesus is born to conquer sin."

Cucharon, the jester of the play, twin brother to Shakespeare's simpleton, so angers Lucifer that the latter orders him consumed by fire. The angel goes to the rescue, and after much argument, brings back each shepherd to the fold, and chains Lucifer. They all rejoice.

The shepherds march forward to the manger and kneel before the Blessed Child. They bring gifts; a basket of flowers (probably stolen from the rich man's garden), a wild dove, a gamecock, a candle, a ribbon, an old silver spoon, wild honey. A Mexican blanket is no mean gift, and the weaver sings as he folds it softly around the cradle:

"Ah, the beauty of the child,
With a mouth of coral.
It is my wish to cover thee,
With the weaving of my love."

The shepherds urge a mock peon to rise and worship; but he is very lazy and causes much merriment by his witty arguments in defense of ease. The audience seems to

appreciate the situation, but the shepherds lose patience and fairly hurl him at the feet of the sleeping Jesus, where he becomes very contrite and joins the adoration.

After each shepherd worships the "Babe of Bethelem," the children are blessed by the hermit, while the audience follows and kisses the brocade garment of the waxen figure. Reverence and silence prevail; then the glad tidings radiate the world anew, as the shepherds turn homeward singing:

"To the cabin, shepherd brother,
Home across the mountains wild,
Farewell baby, farewell mother,
In thy manger rest, sweet child.

Bless all thy shepherds, mighty Lord,
Our hermit too. Let love abound,
Grant us life to praise thy word,
Until death rolls round."

MARIE LOUISE GUENTHER

THE CUSTOMER

TREES swaying in the gusty fall wind threw handfuls of multi-colored butterflies that were leaves, high in the air, butterflies that lightly touched the earth, covering it with the warm hues of an oriental carpet. Ripe apples bounced off the trees and lay in piles everywhere, unheeded since the expulsion of Adam and Eve.

It was fall in the Garden of Eden.

The young man with a waxed moustache sat against a tree taking long studied puffs from a cigarette. He was, in general appearance, extremely urbane, a young man one would expect to find in any large metropolis, but scarcely in such a remote, unpopulated spot as the Garden of Eden. A close observer would have remarked that the young man's eyes were eyes that had seen all and were surprised at nothing; possibly the reason why the Garden of Eden failed to fill him with awe.

* * * *

The wild majestic beauty of the place was not lost on Mr. Goldburg. He did not mind the cold, as he wore a warm mauve and green plaid overcoat and was thus able to enjoy unreservedly the beauty of the winding stream in whose depths the trees turned to flame. He had an eye for the beautiful proportions of the hills, far away, shadowy, mystic. He also had an eye out for the prospective customers; but not until he met the challenging glance of the wax-mustached young man did he find one.

Perhaps I should explain here that Mr. Goldburg was a real estate agent, although those with whom he dealt could never seem to find out just where the agency he represented was. If, after a disastrous investment, a customer attempted a little investigation, Mr. Goldburg would be away on business; and generally the business was of such a pressing nature that he would forget to leave an address, and therefore, after a certain length of time, the investigation would be forgotten. However, he found it advisable to travel quite often, and we can only say that he must have been everywhere before, all unknowingly, he wandered into the Garden of Eden, and discovered the suave young man.

Mr. Goldburg saw at once a jewel-studded opportunity for a sale. Here was the sort of person with whom he had always wanted to do business. In the cities, where such men as this one were leaders, one could never pierce their inner sanctums, due to numerous pert office boys and snippy secretaries, but here, miles from the nearest city, were infinite possibilities for a satisfactory sale. The greatest discretion would have to be exercised, of course; it would be necessary to sell a piece of land in a place the young man had never heard of and Mr. Goldburg saw at once that this was going to be a difficult job; such a wise and cosmopolitan young man would have been nearly everywhere. While these reflections ran through his mind, Mr. Goldburg politely asked the time and was not surprised when the young man pulled out a gold watch, inspected it, and kindly answered the inquiry.

"Well, well," said Mr. Goldburg, in a hearty booming voice, "twelve o'clock, is it? Now back in Chicago the time would be—"

"You come from Chicago?" asked the young man with interest.

"Business affiliations, business affiliations," murmured Mr. Goldburg hurriedly, paling slightly. "We have offices in all the principal cities, of course," he added. "Surely you've heard of Smith Realty Company?"

"I don't believe—" began the young man.

"Allow me to present you with my card," interrupted Mr. Goldburg, resuming the hearty manner, "and now that we are better acquainted could I interest you in a little land proposition far from this frigid atmosphere—in a place where it is forever warm? In fact," he continued, "the place I would like to sell you is the original site of the Garden of Eden!"

There was a slight pause.

"I represent," he went on, "the only authorized agency that can sell you this land that witnessed the beginning of history!" (That sounded well enough, but it didn't seem to be making a deep enough impression; a little more force perhaps.)

"When I was last there," stated Mr. Goldburg impressively, "huge tracts of land were being bought like" (he frantically searched for a suitable simile), "like hotcakes," he finished lamely.

"Like hotcakes, eh?" The voice of the young man was like rustling leaves, yet somehow smooth and suave. "Tell me more of this place."

Mr. Goldburg was at his best as he glowingly described the mansions, country clubs and marble villas that abounded in this superb development. In his enthusiasm he quite forgot such petty details as contracts and prices and his imagination soared to heretofore unexplored heights. "None of your rusticity," he finished with a contemptuous glance at the wild beauty around him. "And now, if you will just sign on the dotted line, please. . ."

"My poor friend," it was the voice like rustling leaves, "you may be a good salesman, but you are no match for me. I am—"; there was a hiss and the young man disappeared. In the spot where he had been, a serpent could be seen crawling among the fallen fruit. Mr. Goldburg stared fascinated and, momentarily forgetting the loss of a customer, he contemplated certain Bible stories he had heard in his youth. "It was the devil himself," he gasped, turning around with a shiver. As he did so, a dreadful sight met his eyes; not thirty feet ahead of him was a small black and white sign suspended from a tree, and on the sign were the mocking words: GARDEN OF EDEN: PRIVATE PROPERTY!

MARY HASKELL

REVELATION

The Skeptic said, "If God there be,
Come, dreamer, show Him now to me"—
A learned man, and who was I
To prove him wrong? I could but try.
We went outside, where 'round us lay
The last pale light of dying day,
We saw the golden-tinted west,
The first small star, the hill's bright crest;
A thin new moon hung motionless,
The sky was dark and fathomless,
Stretching as far as we could see.
And manifesting God—to me.
The Skeptic watched till day was gone,
Then spoke, and said, "My friend, go on.
This sunset is a pretty sight,
But you must show me God tonight."
He'd seen so often Nature's skill
He failed to find in it God's will.
So then I took him to a church
A great fair church, a holy church,
And thought that from the stillness there
With adoration everywhere
No man could go away unmoved;
That surely here my God was proved.
But when at last we turned to go
I knew he did not find it so.
How could God's power be displayed
In something that mere man had made?
I tried in every way I knew
To help this man to see God, too,
But all my efforts were in vain.
We turned back to the house again.
"Well, you can worship God," he said,
"I'll turn to science, though, instead,
To find, through knowledge, truth."
He, too,
Was seeking truth! And then I knew,
That, skeptic though he chose to be,
He felt some higher power; that he
Had looked beyond to things unknown
He could not understand alone.
And though his pow'r bears not God's name,
God for each man is not the same;
And though we search the world's wide parts
We'll find Him only in our hearts.

LUCILE DONALDSON

A DRIFT OF SNOW

JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST SNOW slumped dejectedly on a bench, his cap pushed low over his eyes, his coat collar bunched uncomfortably at the back of his black neck. His brows were drawn down in troubled thought and an angry expression clouded his honest face. What had become of that broad, ever-present smile, that good-humored willingness and desire to please that had always been his chief characteristic? Vanished like the sun behind dark clouds. For was not this the day set apart from all others; the day that marked the twelfth anniversary of his employment at Grand Central Station? And had it not gone unrecognized?

He remembered with a bitter smile how proudly he had received his badge and uniform, with what dignity he had donned the shiny-visored cap. He had been one with his fellows, then, and had attained the heights to which he had aspired for so long. He remembered sadly his proud resolve, as a very small pickaninny, to become a porter when he should have attained a respectable age. Now that resolve was in vain and he felt himself humbled to the status of the worm in the earth. He felt down-trodden, insignificant, futile to the *n*th degree. His steady expectations of recognition from those higher up in return for his unwavering fidelity through long years of steady service had not been fulfilled and his blind faith in the righteousness of his superiors was shattered.

The sight of a red, breathless, corpulent, middle-aged woman struggling with the intricacies of the fastenings on her suitcase amused him for a moment and lifted the burden of his thoughts from his heavy heart. Her suitcase was the large, reddish type beside whose ample dimensions a trunk were put to shame. It fastened with innumerable locks, catches, wide leather straps and buckles, the mysteries of which are known only to the initiate. Every porter the world over knows the breed and knows, too, that it is affected almost without exception by red, breathless, corpulent, middle-aged women. This particular individual, who had, in a rash moment undertaken to open the thing in order to procure the smelling salts which she distinctly remembered having put in the right-hand corner under the tray, had evidently forgotten the proper sequence in reclosing it and was trying to put the left-hand buckle with the right-hand strap before closing the middle front catch or vice versa.

For lack of more promising prospects, January sauntered over ostensibly to offer his assistance, but more with an eye to the solution of the lock's complication. As he possessed a mind with practical inclinations, before long the suitcase's cover was secured to the anxious owner's satisfaction.

At the door of the taxi, the grateful woman pressed upon her benefactor a prodigious sum which his old self was all too eager to accept. But of so little account had life and the wherewithal of its perpetration become to him, that a vision smothered the mumbled thanks that rose to his lips and stayed his ready hand; a vision of himself exposed to the cruel cold and unable to stave off starvation's pangs, an unsung martyr. The poignant appeal of the new role for which Fate had cast him overcame his natural impulses and in a final burst of melodramic self-glorification he refused the tip.

And so a number of days dragged by, uneventful, monotonous, bringing no surcease of sorrow. Then one day he was summoned to the office of one of the executives. His heart suffered a rude descent to the soles of his shoes, where it palpitated with dread like that of a frightened bunny. Surely they had wounded his pride sufficiently without finding it necessary to discharge him outright! Were they not content with having destroyed the peace and trust that had made life worthwhile to him for twelve years?

"Snow," said a solemn voice, "two weeks ago a woman came to the office and asked that red-cap number 107 be recommended for recognition of some sort in return for an act of unusual courtesy. That is your number, is it not?" January's only reply was silence, so the speaker verified his statement with a glance at the badge on the porter's coat.

"Accordingly your record was investigated and it was realized for the first time that yours had been many years of faithful service. I cannot imagine how such an oversight came to be and I can only say that I am sincerely sorry that it was not recognized sooner. Therefore, on behalf of the company, as an expression of our appreciation of a true servant, I want to present to you this gold watch. Accept my felicitations."

Dazedly January turned, left the august presence, returned to his own domain near the tracks and seeking out an unoccupied bench, he sank down to collect his confused thoughts. His heart soared out among the highest peaks of joy and its rapid beating outdid even the loud ticking of the new gold watch.

ELOISE WILMSEN

IRISES

Up the green-swathed hill
The irises in martial splendor pass,
Like Persian guards in panoply of arms,
With singing cymbals beating out their tread—
Their leaves, like bright, broad rapiers,
Glistening beneath the sun.

A conquering host they come,
And pausing on the summit of the hill
Survey their vanquished realm below—
The garden, sleeping silently.

KATHERINE CABLE

THE GARNET GRIFFINS

"THE GARNET GRIFFINS," opening last night at the Capitol, provided a performance of unique interest. It reminded one of the old Keith Orpheum shows which really pleased an old-timer like myself. The vaudeville show, diverting and overflowing with talent, seemed a healthy reaction in these somewhat hectic times.

The first curtain rose on an act entitled "The Diving Dixons," a family number and quite a novelty to those of the younger generation who are unacquainted with acrobatic, tumbling acts. This remarkable family seems to have inherited its ability from the man of the house, who back in the old days was a track star in college. The mother—a dimpled matron named Shirley—had difficulty in balancing on the shoulders of her husband, while the rest of the family leapt around and over and under her with remarkable agility. So she at length gave over the difficult part of the act to them, and lent atmosphere to the performance by playing softly on the piano.

The next number was a novel animal act in three parts. First came the world-famous Guenther Armadillos. It is hard to conceive of performing armadillos, but these were remarkably gay old boys who did a charming little dance to the tune of "Ach du Leiber Augustine." Their trainer, Mme. Malou, is famed far and wide for her success, and millions of visitors go every year to her training farm in Texas. In the second part of the act Ilma brought on her trained seals. Remarkably enough these seals are all trained scientifically—not forced to work, but won over by the charming personality of their trainer, Ilma, who instinctively abhors the idea of compulsory labor.

The act concluded with a cat pantomime. A small gray kitty with its tail straight up in the air came marching on, with a collar around its neck and a chain of fraternity pins trailing behind it. It sat down on a pile of bricks and then a lot of other cat participants rushed in and played around, knocking each other down in their feline anxiety to get the nearest place. Meanwhile the smallest kitty sat very pertly playing with its whiskers and fondly patting its collar and chain, content and purring amid the turmoil and jostling that was waging about her.

The program announcement created high expectation for this act, a brief skit with a delicatessen shop as its setting. Four characters participated: the owner of the shop, Miss Stevens, the husband, Tommy, his wife, Mary, and the "other woman," Barbara, who floated airily around the place, sweetly feminine in her part but unsuccessful in winning the partly fascinated Tommy away from Mary. The clever lines for this skit were written by the playwright Martha Davenport who, at the end of the act, appeared and very charmingly spoke a few words to the audience. This event has caused quite a stir among the members of the theatre-going public, for at no other time in her eventful career has Miss Davenport consented to answer the pleas of the audience for an appearance of the author.

Next on the program were two very special numbers, request appearances of Ainslee Puhl and Mme. Kaiser-Svenson of the Metropolitan Opera. Miss Puhl presented the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," her greatest artistic achievement so far. Mme Kaiser-Svenson, whose husband is the famous Swedish composer, sang

several delightful numbers, so that the show was literally stopped and the manager of the whole production, Miss Gordon, was forced to come from behind the scenes and demand order. She electrified her audience by her dynamic personality. Her hair was awry, nor had she had time to remove the large smudges of dirt from her face, for her presence is demanded so constantly in all parts of the production. She was finally successful in restoring order and her cry of "On with the show" brought on another family number, this one the Hamilton sextette, an unusual musical act. Mrs. Hamilton, née Reed, played the piano; Mr. Hamilton, the violin; and the four small children performed on various other instruments. All was going nicely until the smallest child suddenly succumbed to stage-fright and began choking. Naturally it was impossible to go on with the number. The frantic mother rushed over and patted the child violently on the back, but to no avail. On the father's inquiry for a doctor in the house, there rushed up to the stage a short woman in a tailored suit, whose doctor's bag bore a plate naming her as McBride. She very professionally took the child by the heels and, by shaking it a bit, stopped its choking and enabled the act to proceed to a delightful finish.

A group of interpretative dancers gave the program its next pleasant variation. We found Brinkman—a truly accomplished ballerina—who did some quaint and fascinating old-fashioned ballet figures, and Parker, the famous exponent of all old Spanish customs, who pirouetted with such vigorous castanetting and tangoeing that the atmosphere of old Barcelona was actually suggested.

Then came the news of the day, and among the Paramount Personalities we found that another point for the "new woman" has been scored in one of our leading cities, Detroit, where Miss Virginia Marks, an unusually loyal and patriotic citizen, has been elected chairman of the Chamber of Commerce in that city. In a brief review of world events for the week, we learned that among the members of an archeological expedition now at work in Greece, a Miss Kilpatrick has brought to light many very interesting remains which have proved invaluable in opening up new fields of study in the literary and spiritual tendencies of ancient Greece. And at the same time, up in Belgium, another woman has suddenly made a name for herself by her remarkable work among the starving thousands in the flood-devastated areas near the North Sea. Miss Kennedy, who is a very active worker in the foreign branches of the Red Cross, has proved herself most capable in her handling of the Belgian situation.

And back again in our own country we find that a committee has been formed for the purpose of boosting California, which as far as I can see received her full quota of boosting at least twenty years ago. However, on this committee are two women, one coming from that large and flourishing city in the north, Chico, and the other from the south, Los Angeles, and these two should, if they keep up the good work which they displayed in the film, lure the entire population of the United States to the warm sunny lands along the West coast. So great is their propaganda that anyone would find it hard to resist!

And so the program ended, after a thoroughly enjoyable evening. I would urge everyone to attend the performance of the "Garnet Griffins" and can promise them a pleasant and very diverting time.

Diantha Brown
Dramatic Critic

NIGHT FANTASY

A bluely mystical woman sits
Calmly playing with her rope of star-beads,
Her crescent ring of yellowish gold flashing in the night;
A whippoorwill cries sadly in the woods
And, feeling his loneliness, our Lady of the Night weeps.

As I was walking last evening,
I turned impulsively up a quietly darkened street,
And stooped to pick up something round and shining.
The midnight blue of the sapphire
Was darted with five white lines.
"Even her tears are starlight," I said,
And passed on, strangely moved by my knowledge.

MARTHA DAVENPORT

THE WIND OF SPRING

Over the violet-laden hill, and whistling through the apple-tree,
The wind comes sighing all day long, singing in accents gay and free:
"Come with me, thou Lover of Spring, come with me to another land
Where the hills are covered with daisy blooms, and murmuring brooks on every hand
Call thee to bathe thy weary limbs, and rest on a couch of emerald grass;
Where birds, with sweet and gladsome note, like a silver dart through the heavens pass."
And I arise, and with quickening step, follow the perfumed wind of Spring
Where the sunlit fields and the blossoming woods their hope of coming Summer fling.

KATHERINE CABLE

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1931

Seminarii Montis Vernonis

KNOW ALL MEN, by these presents, that we, the Class of 1931, of Mount Vernon Seminary, being of sound and disposing mind, and being about to depart from the life of the school into we know not what of other spheres of tasks and trouble, do, of our own free will, to wit, and without durance or compulsion, make, decree, and publish this our last will and testament.

Item 1. To our beloved Alma Mater, we give, bequeath, and devise a box wrought of finest silver and precious jewels, containing one complete system of Co-operative Student Government warranted to keep in all climates, to stand without hitching, and to work without winding, the same to be for the use of all succeeding classes during the life of the aforesaid institution.

Item 2. To Miss Cole, we bequeath our gratitude and esteem for the encouragement and inspiration during these Junior College years.

Item 3. To our admired successors and opponents, the Juniors, we do in all sincerity will:—

First: Our fondness for gum chewing.

Second: Our dignity and sophistication.

Third: Our promptness and ability to get to breakfast on time.

Fourth: Our caps and gowns.

Fifth: A carpet sweeper with which to pick up the challenges thrown down.

Item 4. To Miss Delano, we tearfully leave our vocabulary and facility of expression.

Item 5. To Mr. Lloyd, we present a Junior League correspondence course on "How to Illustrate in Ten Lessons," along with a hand-printed copy of the "Work Hymn."

Item 6. We recommend for Miss Hastings, from the same publisher, divers choice pamphlets on "The Art of Avoiding Ditches."

Item 7. We give Miss Guard an ample jelly-roll, and, being in a charitable mood, we provide her with a meagre fund to be used for having her sweet tooth removed.

Item 8. To Madame Peltier we bequeath a carload of park benches.

Item 9. We leave to Mrs. Baylis our own, and our mothers' appreciation for having done her level best to broaden our horizons.

Item 10. To Miss Spaulding we concede a light cut every month, along with our pronated feet (which the owners are glad to be rid of).

Item 11. Inspired by results, we bequeath to Miss Elting an abundance of Platonic projects.

Item 12. The Psychology Class wills to Miss Walker an acknowledgment of all they know about learning, whether it be by observation, by the conditioned reflex, or by trial and error—and if this knowledge be small, they know it is not Miss Walker's fault.

Having thus impoverished our resources and capital, the Senior Class in all humility opens its books to be audited and approved by all concerned. The Class, having pawned its last remaining claim to a good reputation, steps aside, leaving those individuals who are unselfishly inclined to dispose of their worldly goods.

First: Rosana Kilpatrick sincerely endows Clara Sherwood with her athletic prowess.

Second: Martha Davenport bequeaths her gentle, inoffensive, retiring disposition to Katherine Cable.

Third: Shirley Ross wills her dimples to Harriet Wightman.

Fourth: Ainslee Puhl wills her grace in natural dancing to Queenie Miller.

Fifth: Virginia McFie wishes her sweet and lovable nature on Dot Brinker.

Sixth: Isabel Gordon regretfully hands over her artistic talent to Louise Raynor.

Seventh: Virginia Marks blesses Kate Ross Patton with her silhouette.

Eighth: Carol Parker wills her innate submissiveness to Study Hall rules to Clara Sherwood; also, in conjunction with, and by the approval of her roommate, Malou Guenther, Carol unwillingly leaves her trusty alarm clock (which she fears might become maladjusted on the journey homeward) to that person in the Junior Class who most closely approaches not getting there when the bell rings.

Ninth: Kitty Foye bequeaths her affection for Bunny to Mary Meador Goldsmith.

Tenth: Diantha Brown wills her dyspepsia to Mary Adair Howell.

Eleventh: Ilma Theurer wishes her gentle, low voice on Lucile Donaldson; and her tactlessness, along with the traditionally dilapidated yellow duck, on Winnie Duncan.

Twelfth: Eleanor Reed leaves her engagement ring to Clara Hand.

Thirteenth: Helen Williamson wills her coloratura voice to Alice Virginia Carter, with hopes that she will make a success of it.

Fourteenth: Beth Kennedy leaves her wheezes to Susie Gilkeson.

Knowing that, as time goes on, we are becoming weaker and weaker, we, the Senior Class, do hereupon deem the moment timely for drawing to a close this most questionably worthy epistle, in witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal this sixth day of April, 1931.

Flora Kaiser

THIS LOVE FOR YOU

This love for you
That was once a pattern of whims and fancies
Has become a quiet, fettered thing,
Bound fast to the stake of Prudence
By the whispered warnings of Wisdom
Heard in the dead of the night.

MARTHA DAVENPORT

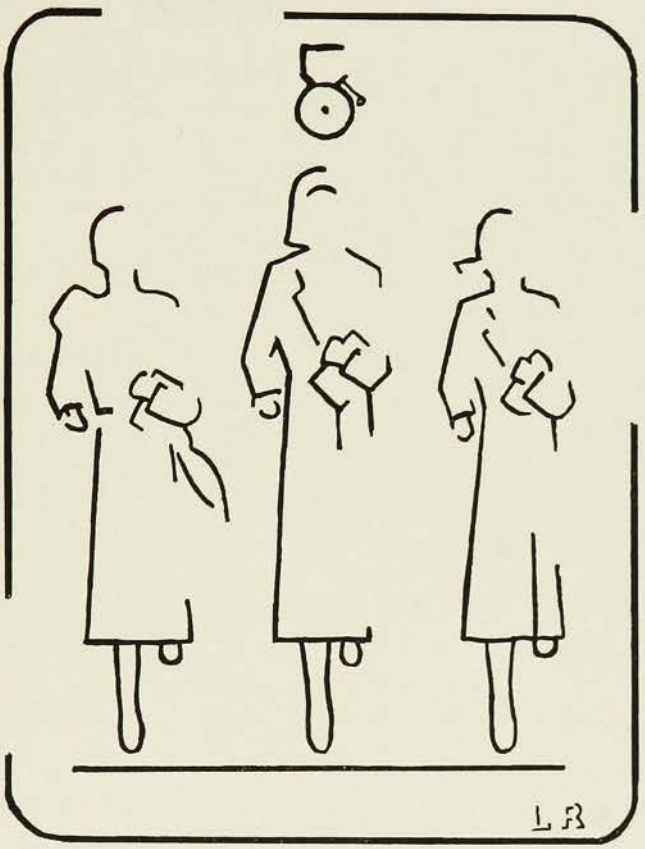
IN PASSING

Yesterday I was a child
With a heart quite gay and free,
And that heart of mine thought not to say,
"How can he care for me?"

Today I am a cynic
With a quiet and bitter woe;
My heart within is like a vise
That will not let me go.

But oh, tomorrow my youth will be gone,
My heart will no more moan,
And I shall sit by a dying fire,
Drink my tea and munch a scone.

Tomorrow I shall wonder,
As spinsters all should do,
What hidden inner attraction
Made my heart cry after you.



EVENTS

CALENDAR

September 30 Old timers and future prospects first meet at M. V. S.

October 4 The veterans break in the recruits with a school party.

October 11 We fill our stomachs and empty the Seniors' pocketbooks at a housewarming.

October 31 Strange-looking costumes replace the "Peter Thompsons" at a Hallowe'en dance.

November 1 Unbelievable talent is displayed as the Juniors first appear before the spotlights.

November 5 Founder's Day is the meeting of young and old to better and revere our M. V. S.

November 21 Dhan Gopal Mukerji proves himself very attractive while speaking on India.

November 22 The Seniors honor James M. Barrie by producing "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire."

November 27 On Thanksgiving Day we prove ourselves versatile by enjoying the final hockey game, luncheon and the theater in town, special occasion dresses, plum pudding, and dancing with our fathers.

December 13 Madeira's victory in hockey is supplemented by our success in the All-Washington Hockey Tryouts.

December 14 Christmas carols prove their eternal beauty and appeal.

December 16 The Christmas play and party finds Santa Claus bestowing gifts on the young.



December 18 Christmas vacation sends us home to better times.

January 7 A prompt return means a ten days' spring vacation!

January 10 Ingenuous ingenuity gives the Juniors the first Ingenuity Contest.

January 11 The Metropolitan Methodist Church first realizes a good choir—so the Vice-President says.

January 16 Ellery Walter establishes the "World on One Leg" on a firm basis.

February 5-6 Sight-seeing follows as a favorable after-effect of projects.

February 13 The Seniors illustrate the human appeal of tragedy as compared with comedy, in the second Junior-Senior Contest.

February 14 Saint Valentine swells with pride at our fancy costumes, dancing and singing.

February 19-22 New York is in high favor for long week-ends.

February 22 Robert Frost honors the school with a talk and friendly visit.

February 28 The Seniors out-spell the Juniors, yet we say they have more ingenuity!

March 6 We kick up a lot of water and create excitement in the Swimming Meet.

March 7 Yellow and White Classes produce "Green Stockings," which pleases Miss Guard.

March 14 Madeira and M. V. S. play some very fine basket-ball as friends and opponents.

March 17 The Field House sponsors a Tea Dance to revive the vacation spirit.

March 18-28 Spring vacation is just ten good days spent in enjoyable ways.

April 1 Juniors win the favor of the Yellow Class by a dinner (no fooling, the Yellows did not show their desire for food!).

April 4 The Athletic Banquet restores the "Popper" and the "Popped" to friendly terms.

April 11 The school helps to make Mr. Galsworthy's lecture a success.

April 14-15-16 The M. V. S. Alumnae Council receives a hearty welcome and is given instruction concerning the present school institutions.

April 24 Senior literary ability makes Senior Essay Day an enjoyable endurance contest.

April 30 Seniors and Juniors openly admit their own merits.

May 8 Any good Sunday school would be envious of our Great Falls picnic.

May 17 Baccalaureate Sunday satisfies even Miss Cole's love of song.

May 18 "You Never Can Tell" about the Junior play.

May 19 The Glee Club soars to unknown heights in its concert.

May 20 Sweet sentiment is displayed as the Senior Class sets forth to make M. V. S. world-famous.

JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

HALLOWE'EN again, and the Juniors came forward to present their talents for our scrutiny. And we were not disappointed; we enjoyed every minute of a delightful program. Various scenes disclosed some of the girls in the positions they supposedly adopt in later years. Each was received with shouts of laughter, and these are, after all, the fairest of compliments. The audience were called upon to assist an intriguing-looking Hindu in his manifestations—Clara Hand—who looked very severe in the part, striking terror and admiration in our hearts!

Each year it is said, "It couldn't be better than last year," and each November M. V. S. bows its head humbly in acknowledgment of new talent, invaluable and hitherto undiscovered. The Juniors showed promise of great things, and we anxiously awaited the outcome of the Ingenuity Contests.

MENU AND PROGRAM

JUNIOR–SENIOR BANQUET

May 8, 1930

ALICE HAND Toastmistress

Alma Mater

Eggs Canape

Welcome ELIZABETH KENNEDY

Response ELEANOR BOVENIZER

Clear Tomato Soup

Olives *Radishes* *Bread Sticks*

Salted Nuts

Triolets MARGARET MCBRIDE

Crab Meat Cutlets

Rolled Asparagus Sandwiches

La Prophetie de Troubadours JUNIOR OCTETTE



Stuffed Boned Squab

New Peas *Sweet Potatoes and Marrons*

Finger Rolls

A Senior Speaks Marianne Stevenson

Pineapple and Strawberry Salad

Toasted Saltines

A Chante Fable Virginia Shumate

Again a Senior Speaks Florence Kreuger

Senior Rose on Spun Sugar

Creed

Class Song Senior Class

Class Song Junior Class

Demi Tasse and Mints

Poem Wilma Koenig

Farewell Song Senior Class

Farewell Song Junior Class

Auld Lang Syne



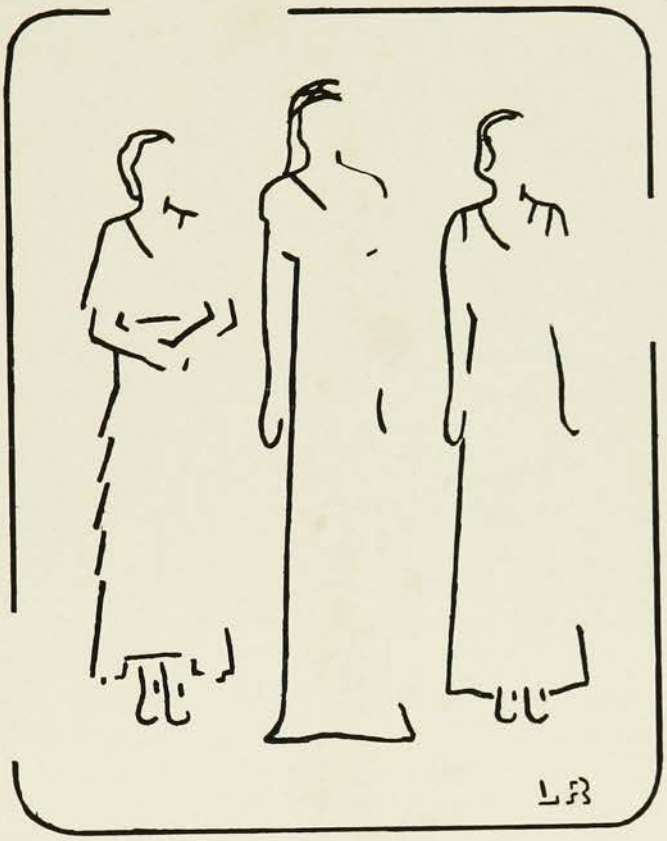


THE YELLOW AND WHITE VALENTINE PARTY

ONCE a year M. V. S. throws off all shackles, dons the gayest of robes, and prances down to the Gym, full of the spirit of St. Valentine. Since the guests are light-hearted and carefree, in perfect keeping with the decorations, it seems unnecessary to comment on the huge success of the dance. In the hall, hung with streamers of red papers and with bright confetti, we felt transported to a different land this year. Familiar objects were well disguised, and we were struck with the romantic atmosphere of the Gym.

After the annual dancing contest, we watched "the show." A Raggedy-Ann chorus entertained in yarn wigs and checkered overalls, after which Milly and Marion gave us some excellent close harmony.

After that Grand March—otherwise known as the Costume Parade—Julia Strauss was awarded first prize and Edith Ferguson and Kitty Morse were given a prize for individuality. A very happy, a very pleasant, a very entertaining evening! Our thanks to the Yellow and White.



PLAYS



"ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"

PRODUCED NOVEMBER, 1930, BY THE
SENIORS OF 1931

This play of Barrie's was presented with all the whimsicality with which it was written. One felt that one was a part of the domestic life of the characters the Seniors so vividly portrayed.

Alice's part, played by Isabel Gordon, was cleverly handled; Martha Davenport and Ainslee Puhl, as Ginevra and Amy, expressed their romantic views very amusingly and convincingly, as did "Dutch," in the role of Cosmo, expounding his boyish impression of his father's manners and conduct.

Each character developed as the plot thickened and we quite lost sight of the real personalities of the girls. The Seniors proved themselves capable of once more holding an audience enthralled and were surrounded by a host of admirers in Great Hall where we afterward went to attend the reception which closed a most delightful evening.



YELLOW AND WHITE CLASS PLAY—1931

"GREEN STOCKINGS"

The Yellow and White Class Play was the subject of much discussion, as great things are always expected. Once again we were not disappointed. "Green Stockings," by E. W. Mason, was as fine an amateur performance as we have witnessed. Sunny Minty again stole a big place in all our hearts, by her portrayal of the role of the "dear departed Colonel Smith." It would be hard to find another like her, but why search farther? Here we have all the dignity and charm we could ask for. We have heard that each part in any play is always in search of the perfect interpreter. No longer is the role of Celia, a drab young girl, who surprises her family by turning into a sparkling personality overnight, worried about such a trifling matter. We feel sure "*the* person" is Barbara Sincerbeaux, who amazed us with her versatility and charmed us utterly by her winning and delightful manner. We must say a very special word for Witte, who at the very last minute stepped in and played her part as though she had been rehearsing for months. She is a real trouper and her class is proud of her.

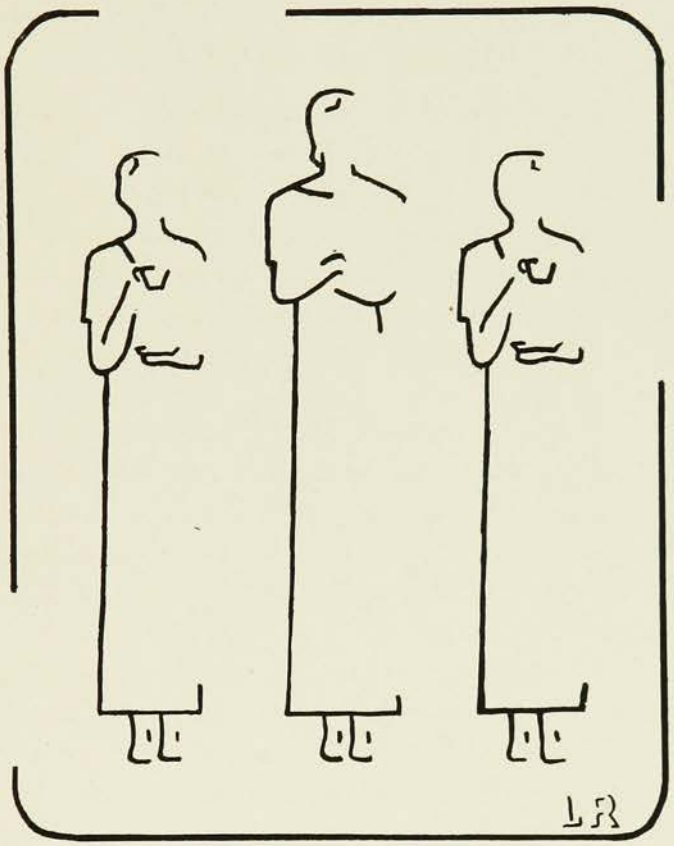
Thank you, Miss Semmes, for a most delightful evening. We shall never forget it and are already looking forward to 1932.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY—1930

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

THE Junior Class, in presenting "Romeo and Juliet," really achieved the impossible. The very idea of "Romeo and Juliet," the epitome of romance and tragedy, being "put over" by a group of school girls seems absurd, but those of us who saw it produced during Commencement Week had a distinctly awe-struck feeling when the final curtain fell on the tragic tomb of the Capulets with Juliet, calm and beautiful, lying on the bier and Romeo dead on the floor beside her.

Ainslee Puhl and Martha Davenport in the leading roles were all that could be desired, and we could not quite swallow the lumps in our throats when "the rosy dawn stood tiptoe on the mountain peaks" and the lovers had to part. Neither could we help but catch our breath when Mercutio, played by Isabel Gordon, was calling down "a plague on both your houses" with a last dying breath. Ginny McFie and Martha Nicklin were splendid as the stern and irascible heads of the two families in the feud, Helen Williamson as the Prince of Verona was very regal and awesome in her attempts to restore law and order, and Dutch Kaiser and Flo Bates made very convincing duellists as Benvolio and Tybalt. Peggy McBride as the kind and fatherly Friar Laurence was excellen, tas was Lyda Richman in the role of Paris, the rejected suitor for the hand of Juliet. Di Brown, portraying the touchy but lovable character of the old nurse, proved herself more than capable of true dramatic genius. Shakespeare himself would doubtless have been thrilled at the presentation of his immortal tragedy, and it proved a highly enjoyable climax to the festivities of the week.



CLUBS



OPTIMA

OPTIMA

OPTIMA is the only honorary club of the school and as such it serves as a symbol of achievement. Its members desire to maintain and strengthen the high standards of the school and keep up the ideals of the club. Dower House in Maryland, where the annual picnic was customarily held, burned this winter. The girls had a delightful time in new surroundings this year, but they did, nevertheless, miss Dower House.

The club has its own charities here in Washington and each year has a benefit performance, the results of which further some end they have in view.

BARBARA ALLEN, *President*

CYNTHIA WALDRON, *Vice-President*

MARTHA DAVENPORT, *Secretary*

ROSANA KILPATRICK, *Treasurer*

MILDRED MORRIS

CLARA VAN SCHAAK

CAROLINE FICKINGER

ELOISE WILMSEN

INEZ SYMINGTON

FLORA KAISER

MARGARET MCBRIDE

Honorary Members

MISS HILL

MISS COLE



LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS

QUE fait-on au "Cercle Français" cette anneé? Le programme est trés varié et ce sont les élèves qui l'exécutent en grande partie. On dit des vers; on chante des chansons; on parle de la France et de ses poetès; on discute tout en prenant le thé, et l'heure de se séparer n'arrivè que trop tôt.

MADAME PELTIER, *Honorary Member*

FLORA KAISER *President*
JULIA MATHESON *Vice-President*
MILDRED MORRIS *Secretary*
CYNTHIA WALDRON *Treasurer*

MARGARET BARBER
WILLIE CLARY
ADELE EMERSON
SUSAN GILKESON
FLORA KAISER
JULIA MATHESON
ELIZABETH MITCHELL
MILDRED MORRIS
CAROL PARKER
SUSAN SCHRIBER
PAULINE SEIPP
MARIE SMITH
CYNTHIA WALDRON



TREBLE CLEF CLUB



TREBLE CLEF CLUB—1930-1931

WHILE our days at M. V. S. are humming merrily along, so are we—in preparation for our Commencement Week Concert. We hope to give such a finished choral performance as will completely eclipse the traditional heat wave. To dynamic Mrs. Payne we extend our deepest appreciation for her untiring energy and patience and the great fun we have had in "Glee Club."

OFFICERS

Ilma Jane Theurer *President*
Eleanor Reed *Vice-President*
Helen Napier *Secretary-Treasurer*

Diantha Brown
Alice Virginia Carter
Marion Duval
Adele Emerson
Edith Ferguson
Betty Field
Dorothy Fox
Emily Hawley
Mary Adair Howell
Flora Kaiser
Elizabeth Kennedy
Rosana Kilpatrick
Cornelia Lewthwaite
Margaret McCall
Virginia McFie
Nedine Marble
Virginia Marks
Sunny Minty
Helen Napier
Eleanor Reed
Clara Sherwood
Louisa Shivers
Marie Smith
Julia Strauss
Marjorie Street
Ilma Jane Theurer
Eloise Wilmsen
Frances Witte



CHOIR



CHOIR

Sopranos

Frances Brinkman	Carol Parker
Alice Virginia Carter	Ainslee Puhl
Virginia Chisholm	Juliet Richardson
Emily Hawley	Clara Sherwood
Mary Adair Howell	Louisa Shivers
Peggy Huxley	Shirley Stevens
Rosana Kilpatrick	Susan Schriber
Cornelia Lewthwaite	Muriel Stokes
Nedine Marble	Marjorie Street
Harriet Minty	Ilma Jane Theurer
Mildred Morris	Frances Witte

Altos

Marion Duval	Ann Maitland
Mary Isom	Virginia Marks
Flora Kaiser	Eleanor Reed
Jane Lupher	Barbara Sargent

Substitutes

Diantha Brown	Mary Lauer
Grace Gow	Helen Napier
Peggy Hildreth	Julia Strauss
Beth Kennedy	Marguerite Tod

The M.V.S. choir movement naturally followed close on the heels of the Chapel, and has developed into a tradition since 1925. The choristers, under the excellent leadership of Mr. Adolf Torovsky, the mainstay of the institution, have gone in for bigger things this year. By way of explanation, they are classified under "Ministry of Music" of the Metropolitan Memorial Church, and apparently enrich Dr. Montgomery's service tremendously on Sunday mornings.



LEND-A-HAND

LEND-A-HAND

Beth Kennedy *President*
Alice Virginia Carter *Vice-President*
Clara Van Schaack *Secretary*
Kate Thompson *Treasurer*

Class Representatives

Frances Brinkman *Senior Class*
Betty Uhl *Junior Class*
Elizabeth Koehn *White Class*
Betty Field *Yellow Class*

Lend-a-Hand Society has been steadily climbing to a place of great prominence in our school life. The four officers together with our class representatives have inspired us with a willingness and eagerness to be of what assistance we can in social work of divers kinds.

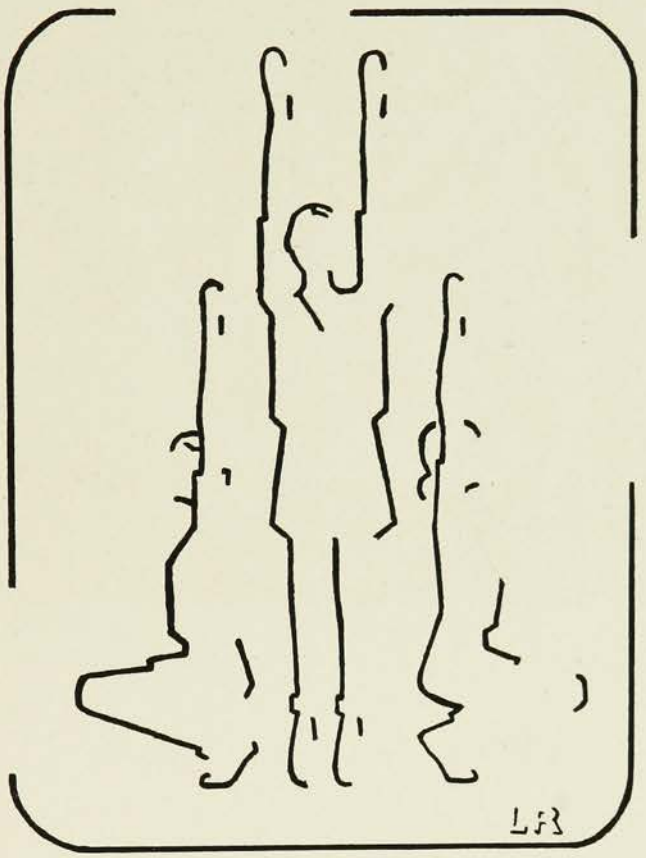
Money was sent this year to the Evanston Cradle, The Caney Creek Community, The Near East Relief, The Community Chest, The Red Cross, The National Students Council and the Elizabeth Somers Residence. These sums are raised through the mediums of the Sunday collection, special donations, and occasional parties. At a card party given at the Field House, fifty dollars was taken in and turned over to the Red Cross as a special donation.

M.V.S. is proud of this club, and the girls are doing all in their power to help it in its beneficial work. Success to Lend-a-Hand! We are watching eagerly its growth in service to the community.



SCHOOL GRANDDAUGHTERS

Nancy Belle Bayly
Katherine Cable
Caroline Fickinger
Elizabeth Field
Dresden Grier
Virginia McFie
Margaret McCall
Gretchen Onderdonk
Carol Parker
Helen Ray Potter
Kathleen Rice
Dorothy Rogers
Susan Schriber
Inez Symington
Josephine Schlotman
Julia Strauss



ATHLETICS



THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD—YEAR 1930-31

OFFICERS

Flora Kaiser *President*
Helen Ray Potter *Vice-President*
Jane Niggeman *Secretary-Treasurer*

MANAGERS OF SPORTS

Barbara Stewart *Manager of Hockey*
Kitty Foye *Manager of Tennis and Deck Tennis*
Isabel Gordon *Manager of Volley Ball*
Shirley Stevens *Manager of Archery*
Mary Wallace *Manager of Golf*
Jane MacLeod *Manager of Horseback Riding*
Marjorie Street *Manager of Basket-Ball*
Helen Williamson *President of Outing Club*
Virginia McFie *Manager of Soccer*
Polly Chisolm *Manager of Swimming*

The members of the Athletic Board are girls representing each sport held during the year. They have done all in their power to stimulate our interests, making all free time as enjoyable as possible. We feel they have succeeded and are very grateful to them.



VARSITY HOCKEY

VARSITY HOCKEY

Left Wing Jane Niggeman

Left Inside Barbara Canfield

Center Forward Barbara Stewart

Right Inside Betty Field

Right Wing Marjorie Street

Left Halfback Sue Schriber

Right Halfback Marion Duval

Left Fullback Peggy McBride

Right Fullback Flora Kaiser

Goal Guard Mary Isom

BAD weather prevented M. V. S. from playing their annual game with Madeira, but a word must be said for the team and the coach. Miss Pearson had trained the girls beautifully and it was almost as exciting to watch them practice as to witness an actual game. We were all proud of them and sorry we did not have an opportunity of proving our enthusiasm by cheering from the side-lines.



VARSITY BASKET-BALL



BASKET-BALL

Varsity

Marjorie Street

Barbara Stewart

Peggy McBride

Clara Sherwood

Flora Kaiser

Helen Ray Potter

Substitutes

Adella Badgerow

Polly Chisholm

Mary Lauer

Katherine Morse

Virginia McFie

Margaret Thompson



CHAMPIONSHIP HOCKEY TEAM

Center Forward	Barbara Stewart
Left Wing	Eloise Wilmsen
Right Wing	Mary Lauer
Left Inner	Barbara Canfield
Right Inner	Kitty Morse
Half Back	Margaret Thompson
Center Half	Helen Ray Potter
Half Back	Marion Duval
Full Backs	Frances Witte, Adella Badgerow
Goal	Mary Isom



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKET-BALL TEAM

WINNER—WHITES

Marjorie Street

Virginia Dangler

Harriet Lewthwaite

Juliet Richardson

Marjorie Barbour

Harriet Minty

Substitute—Betty Field

ATHLETIC AWARDS—1929-1930

Athletic Banner—Seniors

Tennis Singles Cup—Kitty Foye

Tennis Doubles—Virginia McFie, Kitty Foye

Golf Cup—Cynthia Bartels

Athletic Medal—Connie Bavinger

Inter-Class Basket-Ball Cup—Seniors

Athletic Medal Cup—Connie Bavinger

Honorable Mention for Athletic Medal—Marianne Stevenson

SWIMMING MEET—1931

The annual swimming meet of 1931 was held Friday evening, March 6. The Yellow Class came out on top with thirty-five points, and Sallie Tod was individual high point scorer. Several unique events characterized this year's meet in the shape of obstacle races, races with lighted candles, exhibition diving by Barbara Stewart and a very damp mock wedding which added the crowning touch to the whole affair.

ALL-SCHOLASTIC WASHINGTON HOCKEY TEAM

Several of Washington's private schools—the Sidwell Friends' School, Holton Arms, Miss Madeira's, and Mount Vernon Seminary, have been vitally interested in the formation of an All-Scholastic Washington Team, to represent the best real talent.

The try-outs were held on our own field and lasted for three days. Seven girls from each school were selected and sent to these. On Saturday, December thirteenth, a hockey team was chosen from the larger group, and announced by Miss Cole. We are proud to claim four of its members as Mount Vernon girls.

REPRESENTATIVES IN WASHINGTON HOCKEY TRY-OUTS

Helen Ray Potter
Mary Isom
Barbara Stewart
Katherine Morse
Jane Niggeman
Marjorie Street
Frances Witte

THE HOCKEY GAME WITH MADEIRA

The hockey game with Madeira was played at Mount Vernon on the morning of December thirteenth. Every one had looked forward to this day with great enthusiasm since the beginning of hockey practice. As it was to be the first contest with Madeira's team in two years, excitement naturally ran high. The game was a very fast one, and both sides played extremely well. During the first half the outcome was doubtful as the score tied. With greater spirit than before all entered the second half, but Madeira gained several more goals and the game ended with the score 5–2 in favor of our opponents. The game was an excellent one, the spirit fine, and we add a word of praise for the "rooters" on the side lines. The loud cheering encouraged all to do their best, and everyone enjoyed herself thoroughly.

ATHLETIC SUPPER

Just before Christmas vacation on Saturday, December sixth, the Athletic Association invited the entire school to a supper to be given at the Field House to commemorate the closing of the fall sports. Miss Cole announced that an "Honor Varsity Team" had been chosen for each sport and to the girls on these teams, she gave letters. It was a delightful innovation which we hope will be repeated in the near future.

THE INTERCLASS GAMES

THE interclass games were played off the week before Spring Vacation. The first games were between the Yellow and White Classes and the Juniors and Seniors. Of the first group the Whites won and of the latter the Seniors won.

Two days later the school championship was played between the Seniors and the Whites. It was one of those games that continually kept everyone in suspense. First one team would score and then the other. Finally the Whites made a gain and when the whistle blew they were victorious with the score of 32–24.

Both classes were in the outdoor gymnasium, cheering their teams on to victory. It was a very festive game and a very good one.

































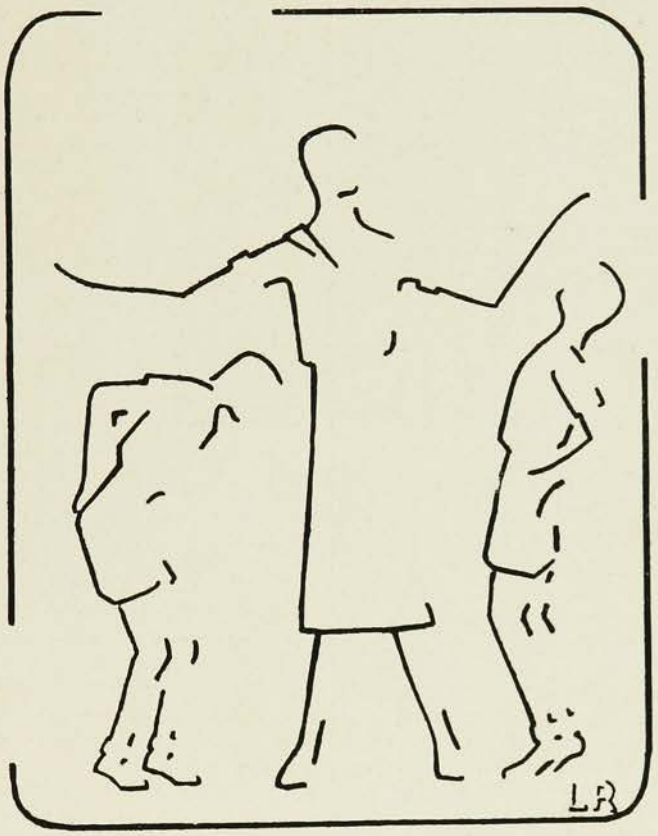












HUMOR

"What We Don't See We Guess"

The PEEKER

Weather Decidedly Hazy

Dates Don't Matter Anyway

COUNCIL PASSES MAIL LAW

Amid much confusion, the one thousand three hundred and forty-sixth meeting of the honorable Student Co-operative Government Co. Inc. & Sons of the Montis Veronis Seminarii was called to order. Almost immediately discussion of the Mail Law was in full swing. Representative after Representative arose and voiced her sentiments on the matter presented for consideration.

The voice of the people cried, "Give us mail or give us mail."

But such an interpretation was not to be supported by those who rally to the standard of "Noblesse Oblige."

The affirmative overwhelmed the negative; thus the sad and bleary-eyed Representatives filed from Room D.

FASHIONS

LA BELLE PARISIENNE suggests pour la jeune demoiselles—Smartly tailored, dark blue serge with contrasting gold trimmings. For the more formal occasions this same little number, in white is advisable. Stockings to match these charming outfits can be secured in lisle, cotton or wool and the coarser grades of silk (these come only in white). Low-heeled brogues are desirable.

For Sports the well-dressed young lady will wear black and white.

Ribbed stockings, preferably black with shoes either black or white according to taste. A jaunty colored beret tops off this striking ensemble.

THOUSANDS BURNED (Blades Of Dead Grass) AS SEMINARY GIRLS RUSH TO SHELTER

Many times have we craned our necks to catch a glimpse of the shiny red engines as they speed by our stately portals, but only once have they turned in and that was in the servants' entrance. Unheedingly they raced across our freshly cropped lawn. Naturally such an intrusion brought many heads to the windows while the braver ones ventured nearer to the blazing scene to watch the firemen quench the flames. Grass burned and trees were scorched but still they fought on. We heard later that they were rewarded for their valor and we hope in this humble tribute of ours to express our gratitude and repay them twofold for their services.

Now once again we watch with envy our heroes in the shiny red engines flash by. Who knows when we shall meet again?

CURIOUS QUERIES

Is it possible that our seemingly virginal Cloister Hall has been made famous by a still more famous pair of male dancing feet?

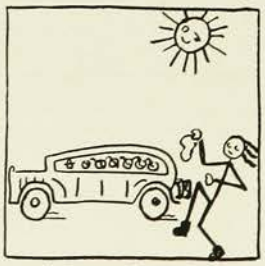
We wonder if it is really the clatter of dishes we hear in Miss Cole's dining-room in the afternoon?

Who is worthy now of the affection formerly bestowed upon our departed canine mascot?

Sports Predominate School Life - - - - - By MacLeod



A Forward In The Making



A Future Olympian



Scrimmage



A Perfect Left-Hand Lunge

EDITORIAL

Once not long ago I heard of the sad and sudden end of one Minnie Haha. It seems it was this way: One night worn and weary she returned to her flat. She sat down on her bed and suddenly realized how tired her jaws were. Slowly and with reluctance she withdrew the guilty object from her mouth. She placed in it its final resting place "sous son lit." (For further reference the bed was a folding one.) Once in bed her mouth felt vacant without the flavorous object (?) and so, she groped for it sous son lit. Her hand felt something shiny. . . . Minnie's next feeling was decidedly upward. That was the last that was known of her. How was she to know that she had released the spring that had sent her to her doom?

Now, girls, let this be a lesson to you.

Today's Serial

Mary was Duncan her Hand into the bran to make her Armstrong. Her tablemates had the Shivers and started to Warner not to Marr her manners. Still the Brown victuals disappeared down her Marble white throat. Sincerbeaux was not there; she didn't mind. She, Seipp (Editor's note, pronounced "sipped"), her coffee so (Mac) Leod that when she reached the Kohen(s) the Howell was enough to Kilpatrick who was seated on the Davenport in the Garden. The noise began to Wehr on her tablemates, so one by one they Tod(led) out. She was left Theurer self. Suddenly she felt a Payne and wanted to Walker breakfast off. Into the Garden she went and there by the Puhl. . . .

(Dangler over the conclusion yourself.)

Contributors' Column

Dear Editor:

If you will print these feeble attempts which have been rejected so often by various and sundry publishing houses, you will some day realize what you have sacrificed for Art's sake.

A Graduate (?)

THE LAST STRAW

Last Sunday morning at five o'clock in the evening as I was sailing over the tops of the mountains in my little automobile, I cantered into three men on horseback riding on one mare. So I asked them: "Could you tell me whether the big little old woman is dead who was hanged last Monday week for drowning herself in a shower of feathers?"

They said they didn't know but that Sir Gammer Vans could tell me all about it.

"But how am I to know the house?"

"Oh, 'tis easy enough, for 'tis a brick house built entirely of wood standing alone by itself in the midst of sixty or seventy others exactly like it."

"Why, nothing could be easier," I replied. Now this Sir Gammer Vans was a giant and as all giants are bottlemakers so was he.

"Hello," said he.

"Very well. And the rest of your family?"

"That's good, have some breakfast?"

So he gave me a slice of beer and a cup of veal and there was a dog under the sofa who ate all the crumbs. Then he took me to his garden. There I saw a bear hatching eagle's eggs, and an iron tree entirely covered with sweet potatoes. Then he took me into the park to see his deer and I, remembering that I had a warrant to shoot venison for his Majesty's dinner, set fire to my bow, broke my arrow and shot at them. I broke seventeen ribs on one side and twenty-one and a half on the other, but my arrow passed clean through without even touching it and the worst of it was that I lost my arrow. However, I found it again in the hollow of a tree. I felt it, it felt clammy; I smelt it, it smelt of honey.

"Oh, oh," said I, "here's a spider's web," when out flew a covey of partridges. I shot at them; some say I killed eighteen, some say I killed three, but I am sure I killed thirty-six besides a dead salmon which was flying over the bridge, of which I made the best apple-pie I have ever tasted.

DOLOROSO

Too soon, too soon, it's come at last—
The parting of the ways.
The deed is done, the die is cast,
But please remember these happy days.

In vain we weep to see you go.
The Fates assert their power—
We bow beneath the cruel blow
Of this sad parting hour.

You beauteous ladies, great and small,
I write about you one and all,
So that you may understand
What I have suffered by this hand.

LOST—FOUND—WANTED

LOST—All connections with the outside world. Finder please return. Reward and no question asked.

FOUND—In the Elizabeth Somers Chapel on Easter Sunday some irreplaceable specimens which might prove valuable to the Smithsonian Institution.

WANTED—Lively, interesting and worldly conversation at the table.

CULINARY IMAGINATIONS

IF I were a super-cook, let us say Zimmer, standing before a table on which were mixing-bowls and all kinds of ingredients—if, in this fantastic bit of imagery it were necessary for me to formulate a perfect meal, with individual choices from the Senior Class, I should not find it too difficult; that is, (and here is the perpetual reservation that follows such a statement), I could select recipes that I think would fit certain people—recipes that would contain something of their personality.

Some selections would be difficult for even me, but others would suggest themselves only too readily. Here are a few recipes—their ingredients and directions for preparing these dishes. May they please even you, with your epicurean tastes!

FRUIT COCKTAIL

(Eleanor Reed)

Oranges
Bananas
Fresh Pineapple
Grapefruit
Apricots

After dicing, the fruit is placed in a cocktail glass and served while still chilled. As a bit of decoration, we would suggest a green maraschino cherry.

CHICKEN À LA KING

(Virginia Marks)

Diced chicken, sliced mushrooms, pimentos, milk, flour, eggs, and butter, are all used in this mixture that you know so little of when casually selecting it for your meal. It will be a substantial article for your future husband to find awaiting him some night. You can rely on this to keep the hunger from gnawing. If it is spread over thick, slightly browned toast, you will have the "staff of life" in addition, and you have not the slightest chance of going hungry.

ROAST WILD DUCK

(Flora Kaiser)

Place duck in a large white enameled roaster and put in oven. We would suggest that you watch this fowl closely, as such a bird burns easily. When brown, liverish spots begin to appear, you are safe in presuming that "enough is enough." You must then turn bird gently on the other side.

When this meat is served, we can assure you that guests will comment on its gamey flavor!

N.B.—For desserts I think there would be quite a variety. The Senior Class seems to hold many who are suggestive of such delicacies.

CHERRY TART

(Shirley Ross)

I think I'll let you depend upon the regular cook book for this recipe. The combination of the title and name is revealing enough, isn't it? We do ask, though, that you select only the very roundest, reddest, and best cherries for this dessert, and that the pastry cup be very crisp. I seriously think that Shirley Ross, under the alias of "Cherry Tart," would make a dessert that "nine out of ten" would choose.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIR

(Diantha Brown)

After pastry container for eclair has been made—and it is very difficult to get this pastry of the right degree of thickness—the chocolate filling is poured into this while rather hot. We should recommend that the icing of the eclair be neither too bitter nor too sweet. An icing makes *such* a difference. A little rosette of whipped cream on the top makes an attractive decoration.

STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM

(Barbara Allen)

Fresh strawberries
Two cups XXXX sugar
One pint of extra heavy cream

We suggest that you be careful when filling your service dishes with strawberries, for this fruit is easily crushed, and unless perfectly unspoiled these berries do not appear to their best advantage. They also have a faint, bitter taste unless sugar is sprinkled over the top, and of course heavy cream enriches anything! This dessert makes a lovely dish to serve your friends.

GINGERBREAD GIRL

(Kitty Foye)

I include this recipe because it adds a spice to the entire menu. After the practical mixture of cake batter has been made, I want to caution you to add a great deal of ginger and spice, for on these the recipe depends. When the cut form has been baked, and the cake is removed, you have an opportunity to indulge your artistic taste. Mine would dictate that there be raisin eyes, elongated cherry for the mouth, cloves down the front for buttons—but I mustn't go on. You have an imagination and you have taste, and you must be able to imagine this!

I hope these recipes have pleased you, and that you agree that the Senior Class, if convertible to food products, would serve nicely on various kinds of platters and for various occasions.

M. D.



POINTS ON HOW TO "MAKE" MEN

I

UPON acquaintance it would seem profitable if you should suggest to the young man in question (if not in question, then he is in doubt) that you think people appear to a nicer advantage over a dinner table. The young man, if properly trained in youth, will retaliate with something like this—"Do you like steak and onions?" If you're *still* interested, your answer is this: "Yes, I *love* steak and onions." He'll then suggest a date for eating aforesaid articles of food.

Having pressed your point so far, your cue is to wait quietly for the date to roll around. He, if sentimentally inclined (Note: if he is not sentimental, you'd better not try any of this), will presume that you're controlling your impatience and will admire you for it.

II

As the eve approaches—and, by the way, you'd better keep a calendar for these approaching eves—I should recommend that you realize that even steak and onions are not reason enough for your being unfeminine. If you can't be feminine in contrast with steak and onions, you'll never attain that deplorable state. At any rate, use Murine for the eyes, Glazo for the nails, Pompeian for the bloom, and Listerine—for the throat, if you choose. If you don't need Listerine before, you'll need it *afterwards*.

After he tenderly pushes you into the front seat and leaves for the routine walk around the car, be careful that your skirts fall in gentle swirls. Nothing is so distracting to a man's interest as disarranged clothes. These points you should know without my telling you.

III

When you arrive at the little restaurant which attempts to be respectably Bohemian and succeeds in being merely dull and commonplace (but then I *warned* you—steak

and onions!), conceal your disappointment. Visible disappointment gives the man a key to your game. Be gay, and imply that all your froth is merely a gallant attempt to cover the sadness you feel in life. Thinking that he has splendid native intuition, he will begin to expand (and by this time he's had the steak and onions). When a man begins to expand, the rest is simple, if you do not get off your guard. Remember, little girl, many a shining face is only a mask for evil intentions.

You may now become superior and, with the left elbow on the hip, the face resting on the right hand, and a distant look in your eyes, you may show a wistful desire for knowledge. This transfers the work to the young man's broad shoulders. Take extreme care that the questions are subtle, for you should never allow him to think you're empty. I am really sure that this instruction has gone far enough and that you will be more efficiently technical hereafter. But if you're in doubt as to the questions. . . .

IV

Asking questions is an art that few people understand. It takes genuine talent to ask them in such a way that it's no effort for you to think of them and, after they're out, your greatest effort is "Yes," "No," "Do you really think so?" In case, or if *peut-être* you aren't just naturally talented—there—that's what I'm talking of—there the French gives an idea of culture, real knowledge you know. Anyway, if you aren't just naturally talented, I'll give you a few stock questions that I've found very valuable. You might, at an opportune moment, ask if he thought cultivated tastes for things like olives were more fun than just plain tastes. (You can count for five minutes on this one.)

He may have been able to grow personal while talking of olives, so, for safety, ask him if he thinks Hoover ever *will* do anything. *Do* get the name right—no dear, *not* Coolidge—Hoover. It's these fine little points of knowledge that make you appear intelligent. You can cross ten minutes off the hour for this one.

Really, I think I'm getting too generous with my secrets of success; I only hope



that if we meet people together you'll be kind enough to realize that they were my questions first and that I've a right to them.

The prize of them all is one that you ask on the way home, you say, "And *please* tell me what you think of the Indian question, I've been awfully interested in it."

He will be bewildered by this and before he can question you quickly add—"I've so little time at school that, will you believe it, I scarcely see a paper from week to week. Would it be too much for me to ask your opinion on this subject?"

This should be timed two blocks from home and when you see the one block sign you begin, "It's been so lovely of you to take me out—I *do* so appreciate it and I just *love* steak and onions, thank you so much."

It's better to be a little formal as above, for this heightens the young gentleman's desire to grow more intimate.

You can, after a few appropriate looks, say: "Goodnight, and thank you so much—it's been so nice for I feel that you know so much more than I and that you can teach me lots about—uh, everything. Don't you think that the Indians would make a good start? I guess I *have* to go in now. Goodbye and thank you—goodnight."

The young gentleman will then go without further ado.

When he gets home he'll say, "Did she mean American Indians or East Indians?" After much questioning and wondering he'll conclude you mean East Indians, because there's so much in the papers about them. He'll then write and say among other things, "The Indians are having some kind of trouble now, but it looks as if Ghandi will win after all."

He's written and you can consider that for once the weaker sex has won a decided triumph. If you're afraid that your love interest won't be enough to fill a return letter, you may say: "It wasn't really the East Indians I wanted to know about, though thank you so much for telling me. It was the American Indians—I like them, because you don't hear so much about them."

THE END
LR



STAFF AND STUDENT BODY, 1930–1931

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Mary Adair Howell	1869 Peachtree Road, N.W., Atlanta, Ga.
Margaret Huxley	1808 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
Mary Isom	10 Murray Hill Road, Scarsdale, N.Y.



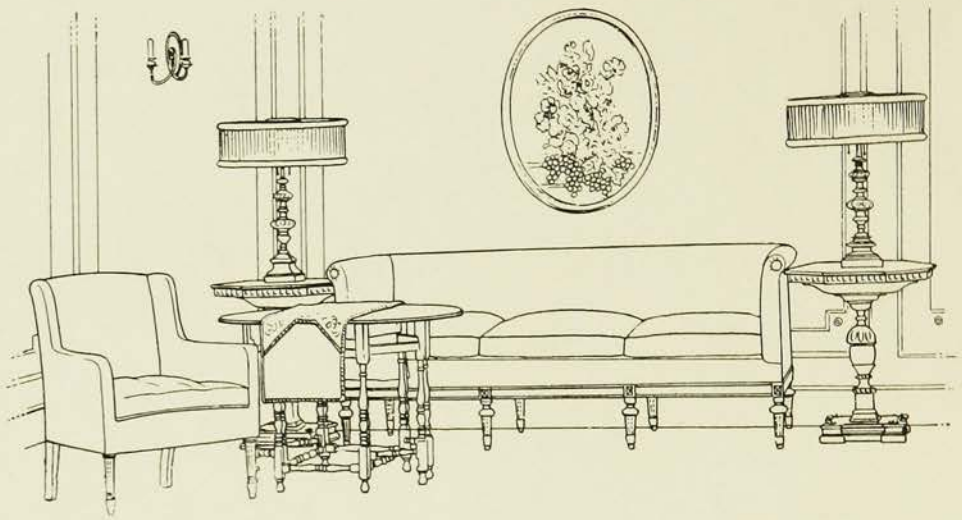
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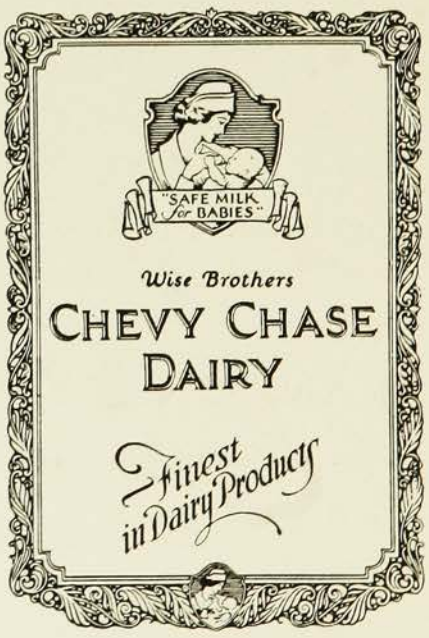
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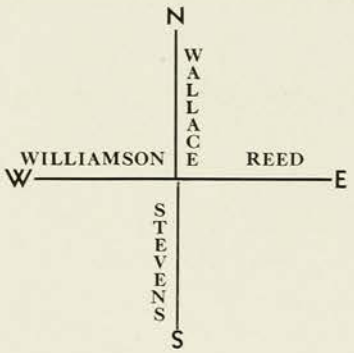
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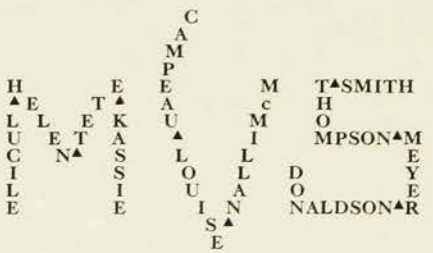
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